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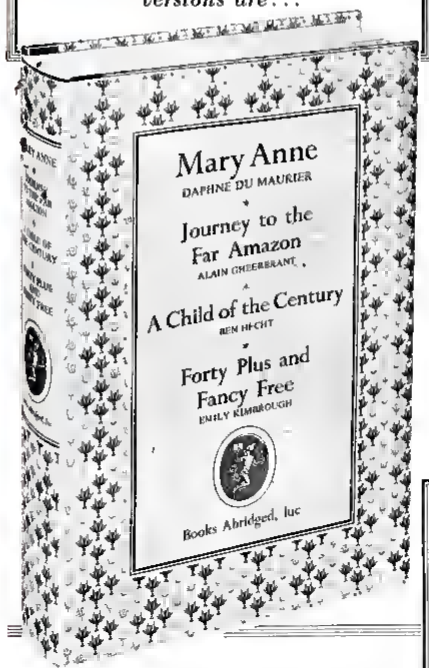
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MARCH 19, 1955 VOLUME 68 NUMBER 5
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

Let's Have That Bill Of Rights

WE HOLD to the belief that this country badly needs a bill of rights and that parliament—which up to now has been extraordinarily timid in the matter—should enact one without delay.

At the moment there is no federal law that plainly states the rights and liberties of Canadians. As a result whenever a provincial government encroaches on the rights that most people consider inalienable, Ottawa can escape the blame. If a provincial premier, for example, abridges the common freedoms of religion and of expression in his province, the federal government can wash its hands of the whole thing and look smug.

We strongly suspect that this is one of the chief reasons why we haven't got these fundamental guarantees. Federal power does exist to disallow provincial laws but Ottawa hesitates to use this power for obvious reasons of political timidity.

Well, we think that parliament could, and should, arrange matters so this timidity would work both ways—so that an apprehensive government would find it equally alarming to act or not to act in cases as clear cut as the jailing of Jehovah's Witnesses in Quebec.

If we had a bill of rights the federal authorities would have to defend their refusal to enforce it. The burden of proof and the spotlight of publicity would be on them and that's where it ought to be.

The commonest argument against a Canadian bill of rights is that it wouldn't work. Three respected members of parliament—from three major political parties—believe it will. John Diefenbaker has for years been urging a simple act of parliament to establish a bill of rights. His critics say that such an act wouldn't even bind the federal parliament itself, let alone the legislatures of ten provinces. Two of Diefenbaker's political opponents, Liberal David Croll and Socialist M. J. Coldwell, have suggested that this objection can be met with a draft amendment to the British North America Act. The critics claim that such an amendment would abridge provincial rights and that the provinces would have to consent to a request for this amendment by the British parliament. This would mean asking Premier Duplessis to petition Westminster to make his own padlock law unconstitutional—and that's absurd.

We admit these high obstacles but we still think Diefenbaker's proposal ought to be on the statute books. Granted that parliament is sovereign and parliament if need be, can overrule it. But at least it would put that same parliament in the position of having to defend itself whenever there's a case of a citizen suffering some attack on his basic human rights.

Let's look at the War Measures Act. Perhaps parliament didn't really intend it to be used, months after war had ceased, to clap people into jail without charge and hold them incommunicado for several weeks. Or let's look at the Postwar Emergency Powers Act. Perhaps parliament didn't really intend to use this law to forbid Canadians of Japanese origin from returning to British Columbia where they had been deprived of their property.

If we had had a bill of rights in 1946 and 1947 the federal government might still have had legal authority to do these things. But at least it would have had to explain why it took such action in defiance of the intent of parliament as expressed in another statute.

As for the infringement of civil liberties by the provinces, Ottawa doesn't need a constitutional amendment to stop that. All Ottawa needs is a little more courage.

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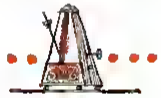
B is for breakfast

A well-balanced breakfast is needed every day, even if one is overweight. After going without food for 12 hours or longer, a hearty breakfast is required to restore energy and sustain efficiency. Have a breakfast of foods that provide both proteins and calories.



V is for variety

Variety is the most important factor in good nutrition. No single food has any "magic powers" for dietetics. So, for good nutrition and good health, select daily meals from a wide variety of vegetables, fruits, milk, meat and cereals. Good nutrition also helps control weight.



R is for regulator foods

Vital body processes, such as the regular beating of the heart and proper functioning of the thyroid gland, depend upon foods that supply essential vitamins and minerals. A proper diet provides all the vitamins and minerals necessary to keep body organs working properly.



W is for weight control

It is best always to eat just enough of the right foods to keep your weight at the level which the doctor recommends. If one tends to put on excess pounds, it is wise to cut down on weight-producing foods.



P is for protective foods

The most important of these are the proteins. High-quality proteins come from milk, cheeses, meats, fish, fowl and eggs and supply many essential substances for the upkeep and repair of bones, blood, skin and other parts of the body. Proteins also increase resistance to disease.

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LONDON LETTER
BY *Beverley Baxter*



"I Would Choose Toronto"

LIKE THE wandering Jew, it seems that I am doomed to travel the earth's surface. Thus I find myself back in London once more, after a tour of exploration that took me to New York, the scented islands of the Bahamas, the garish obviousness of Miami, and the crystal winter air of Toronto. My dog Disraeli is obviously pleased that we are back and has already suggested that if I take him for a walk in Regent's Park, he will forgive us for having deserted him. There is a message from the Government whip that a late night debate will take place tomorrow and that the survival of civilization depends upon my being there to vote in the Government lobby.

London ... the same old characterless winter mist ... the traffic of the streets slithers its way with that dumb patience which makes the horn a useless appendage to a motor car. No one is in a hurry. The bus conductor, on his stationary vehicle, surveys the drear sad beauty of the Park as if he were contemplating an elegy to dead leaves.

It is always the same. The returning Londoner feels like a piece of flotsam that has not yet been caught up in the current. Tomorrow it will be different, and after a few tomorrows we shall be part of it all again, and even the sapphire blue of the Caribbean will begin to fade into grey nothingness.

By contrast our visit to Toronto remains strangely vivid, even if the approach by train from New York is not altogether a de luxe affair. There may be some reason why a cup of coffee and a modest biscuit cannot be procured after Buffalo has been left behind, but I reject the explanation without even hearing it.

Hamilton ... Sunnyside ... Union Station! The years fall away. I might have been coming back from a war, or a singing tour, or a week of trying to sell pianos to people who really did not want them.

Toronto has a character entirely its own. It is not the capital of Canada any more than New York is the capital of the U.S.A. But it grows in strength and size and power—just like New York. The city fathers try to keep pace with the development, but Toronto continues to outgrow itself like a boy and his school clothes.

Toronto was intended by nature to be a city of infinite beauty. With such a harbor, and with an island to protect it from the encroachment of Lake Ontario, here was a setting for another Naples.

But the pioneer does not look for beauty. Our ancestors, whether spurred by discouragement, or vision, or adventure, had made their way to the new world. Their problem was survival. At any time it is hard to ask men to look fifty years ahead, but never so hard as when the new-comer has to wrestle with the soil and the elements for mere existence.

It is easy enough for us in 1955 to look *Continued on page 44*



Toronto's waterfront, Baxter says, shouted for a cathedral, an art gallery, a city hall. Instead it got elevators, railway yards, ocean freighters and smog.



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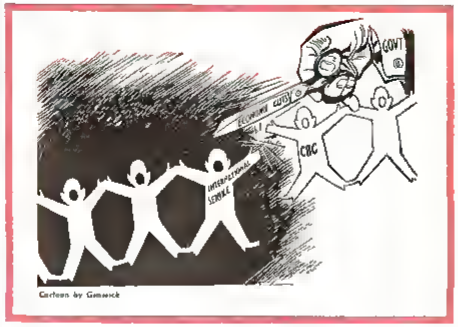
M-55



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



They're paring down the estimates

ANY HISTORY book will tell you parliament's annual wrestle with the estimates, the fat blue book that itemizes the Crown's expenditure for the coming year, is the most important of its tasks. Control of the public purse is the very cornerstone of constitutional government, the basic right for which the Long Parliament clapped off King Charles' head.

In practice, though, the scrutiny of parliament is the merest once-over compared to what the estimates get before parliament ever sees them. The real watchdog, the one that doesn't bark but does bite, is a six-man committee of cabinet called the Treasury Board.

The Treasury Board always has the Minister of Finance as chairman, it always has the Minister of National Revenue as a member, and it has a staff of about forty professional headhearts whose skill is saying "No." Even in the days of fat surpluses, even with easy-going Doug Abbott in the chair, the Treasury Board was a formidable inquisitor that the average bureaucrat regarded with resentful apprehension.

This year the Treasury Board has two new brooms—a new chairman in Walter Harris, a new secretary in John Deutsch. Assistant Deputy Minister of Finance who used to short economic policy before he was assigned to chart economics. Harris is a country lawyer who came up the hard way. Deutsch is frugal farmer's son from Saskatchewan. Both have long felt that government spending could be tightened up.

They happen to have taken charge just as the economic climate changed in Ottawa, and the big surpluses of Abbott's time gave way to the first postwar deficit. The result has been the toughest screening of expenditures since R. B. Bennett put the civil service through the wringer nearly twenty-five years ago.

Not that the tough screening had much to do with the $153 million reduction from last year in this year's estimates. Of that, $149 millions came out of the defense budget, and defense is the one department that the Treasury Board hasn't really tackled yet. There may not even be any cut in actual spending on defense—the amount *voted* for the current fiscal year was $1,908 millions but the amount *spent* of that appropriation will be only $1,706 millions when the fiscal year ends on the thirty first of this month. That's seventy millions less than the "reduced" defense budget for 1955-56.

The Treasury Board's achievement was to cut the civilian departments down by a net four and a half millions, a sum that may seem a drop in the bucket but was squeezed out like blood from a stone. This is the kind of economy that affects jobs—in other words, the kind that hurts.

TO HEAR SOME of the laments around here these days, you'd think the sidewalks of Ottawa would soon be cluttered with former civil servants selling shoelaces. You would also think that efficiency and the public interest had been sacrificed to a miserly thrift, and that the work of years was being cast away to save a few measly pennies.

It is a bit of a shock, therefore, to find that the government's payroll of full time year round civil servants which went up by 9,000 since 1953 to its present figure of 140,000, is now authorized. *Continued on page 75*

Do we actually know where to face Communism?

If you could use reprints of this message for friends, staff, or associates, just let us know.



Photograph (not necessarily in Canada) by Karsh

World Revolution is Still Alive



The Communists have never swerved from their basic goal, World Revolution. Tactics may change, diplomacy be more charming, but the intent is ever the same: "peace" shall come only with total Communist victory regardless of morals, people and human decency.

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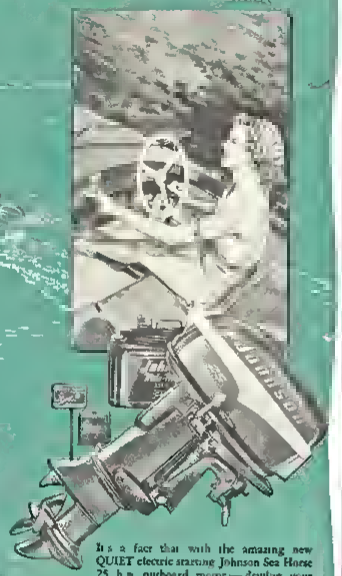
Only eternal vigilance can protect us against Communism . . . can give us the foresight to recognize the stark reality of its infiltration into our way of life. Every day we must be ready — in mind, spirit, and military strength . . . ready at any hour, in word and in deed, to defend our freedoms.

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Plays on Words & Words on Plays

BY BARRY MATHER

The first time I met George was at the home of mutual friends, Gerry Oats and his wife, Margaret. We were all waiting for George to join us. We were going to the theatre.

Suddenly Margaret noticed that a button on Gerry's jacket was dangling.

"Hold still, I'll fix that right away," she said.

Gerry, an impatient man, was visibly annoyed. "For Heaven's sake!" he snorted, "couldn't you have fixed it before now?" He was still fuming and his wife still stitching when George entered.

The first thing George said was, "Ha . . . sewing your wild Oats, eh!"

I was to learn that George was like that.

He made a great play with names. Thus, when old J. Z. Way, a rich local character, died and his relatives poured into town, George was heard to remark: "Where there's a will there's a Way."

Again, when a widow, a Mrs. Young, remarried, George, who knew her well enough to get away with it, sent her a little note: "Good for you," it read, "you're only Young once."

George was once inveigled into joining an amateur theatrical group. They commenced preparations in June to stage a play in September. George stood the tedious weekly rehearsals until midway through July. Then he quit. He sent the producer a memo: "It's all work, and no Play."

Another time, George attended a ball game in which the local team led until the final inning when the visitors tied the score. The local nine came back to win out, however, on the strength of what was recorded as an error on the part of the visitors' left fielder who muffed an easy fly ball as a result of a sudden shooting pain in his side.

George, describing the contest later, summed it up in the phrase: "A stitch in time saves nine."

I personally think that one of the Georgiest things that George ever said was when we were sitting in the living room one night listening to a radio drama of a sea storm in which all hands aboard a barque were in imminent peril of drowning. Their danger was twofold. The barque had shipped so much water that she was near to sinking. On the other hand, giant waves threatened to throw her on the rocks of a light in the coastline.

As the characters debated their desperate plight and what to do about it, George, tapping his pipe in the fireplace, spoke quietly. "Take in the boats, men," he said, "your barque is worse than your light."



ENGLISH



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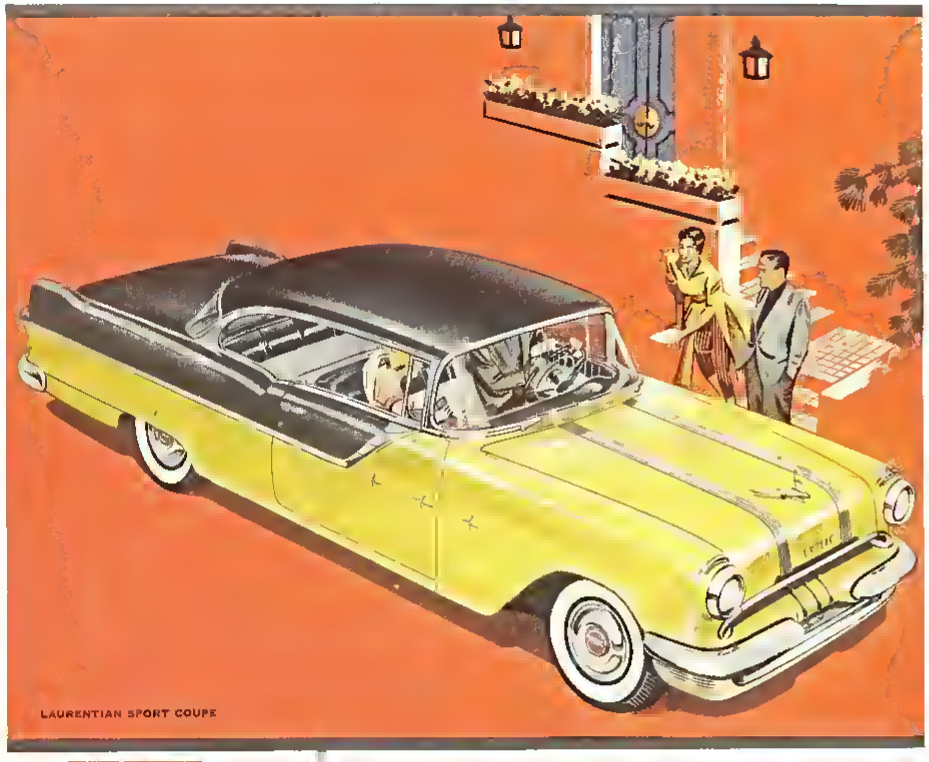
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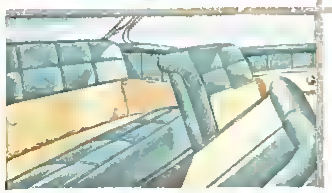


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When you buy a 1955 Pontiac, fine things happen immediately. Your pride gets a lift. You own one of Canada's most desired possessions—the objective, and the envy, of everyone with eyes for the clean beauty of modern design relish smartness of perfectly proportioned length and height . . . the splendor of luxury fabrics artfully keyed to the two toned colors of the spacious bodies.

Motoring becomes exciting again. You drive the chicest performer you have ever headed down a highway—alive with new alertness . . . sweeping uphill or down with the same effortless ease . . . responding with crisp compelling power to every call for action.

And you have the pleasant knowledge that you have also pampered your purse. Pontiac prices are practical for every new car buyer! Take a ride and look at the price tag for '55's finest value!

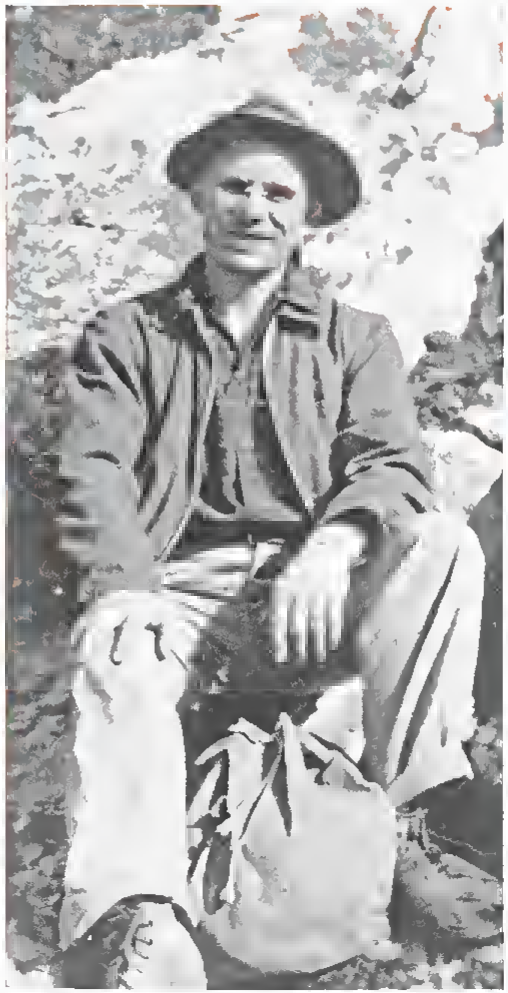
Dollar for dollar you can't beat the

'55 Pontiac

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

The Hunch that'll pay off in Billions



Joubin lined in vain for years to interest big operators in mining Algomo.

They scoffed at Franc Joubin when he insisted Algoma was rich in uranium. But, after a secret staking rush that reads like fiction, his colossal finds are now sparking the world's biggest uranium mines and his theories have started a stampede from coast to coast

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

IN MID MAY 1953 a mysterious expedition took off from South Porcupine in northern Ontario. Its members were a dozen geologists and mining engineers, eighty prospectors and of all people several young lawyers. The planes carried more than fifty tents, as many geiger counters, a hundred axes and other bush gear and several tons of food.

The planes took off at irregular intervals and headed north—a touch of cloak and dagger designed to confuse the curious. Most of them made several flights. As soon as settled areas were left behind they turned southwest on compass bearings that carried them two hundred and fifty miles into the Algoma country, midway between Sault Ste. Marie and Sudbury, just north of Lake Huron. Some of the parties landed on lakes within an outfielder's throw of the CPR Soo Line and the hard-surfaced Trans-Canada highway.

But if anyone spelled low-flying aircraft coming in from the north he paid them no heed. They might be carrying timber cruisers or a sportsman owner of a fishing camp in the back country on his first spring visit. So far as any local resident knew, all the mining people had given up on Algoma years before.

This was just the attitude the newcomers wanted to assure. Had they come in by regular channels—over the CPR or the Trans-Canada—the area would have buzzed with rumor in twenty four hours.

So began the fabulous Algoma staking rush, led by Franc Joubin, a scholarly bespectacled geologist of about forty, who looks as if he would be more at home on the campus than in the bush. Joubin though never in the limelight, had been a respected consultant for many years.

What happened in Algoma has had repercussions clear around the globe. It is giving Canada—and possibly the world—its greatest uranium field and the largest mines on earth whose primary product is the raw material of atomic energy.

Joubin's expedition touched off the largest financing deal in the history of Canadian uranium mining and what has been called the largest single investment of British capital in any Canadian mining enterprise.

Just last month an enormous British holding company, Rio Tinto, arranged to put up $57,600,000 for Algoma Uranium Mines, Ltd. The deal followed an Algoma contract to deliver $200 millions' worth of uranium to the government-owned Eldorado Mining and Refining Ltd. by 1961.

Story and pictures continued on next page

Canada's uranium development brought millions from world financial giants



Scores of prospectors went with Jochiu on the cloak and-dagger air expedition to stake Algoma uranium. Lawyers went along to file the claims.



Pronto Mines pushed ahead last winter with a hoist house at its Lake Huron site.

The financing scheme brought in world financial giants ranging from the Rothschilds to the owners of the Belgian uranium mines in the Congo.

Algoma has done much to change our theories on where to look for uranium. Previously, geologists had tended to confine their exploration to the rocks of northern Saskatchewan where Eldorado had brought in a major producer at Beaverlodge just north of Lake Athabaska. Their theory was simple: the chances of finding new mines are likely to be best near an established mine.

Today our geological theorizing takes a new tack: uranium is where you find it. This thinking has pushed the search far afield. Strikes have been made in places as far apart as B. C. and New Brunswick, though a "strike," of course, isn't necessarily an assured mine. Drills are being into the rocks near Oka, no more than twenty-five miles from downtown Montreal. There is activity near Seven Islands, the jumping-off place for the iron beds of Ungava and Labrador. Ontario's Haliburton County, north of Belleville, has attracted some of the biggest operators in the business. An island in Lake Nipissing near North Bay and another in the Ottawa River have shared in the excitement. At a conservative estimate, a quarter of a billion dollars has gone into Canada's search for and development of new uranium deposits since World War II.

Discovery of the fabulous Gunnar mine marked the first breakaway from the old theory. It lies in an area that most experts including Eldorado's, considered dead ground, though Eldorado's Beaverlodge workings are only twenty miles away by air. Gunnar is Canada's richest uranium mine in terms of dollar value per ton of ore—$35 average, with a total mine value of $125 millions for a property only partially explored and developed.

Now we are finding the makings of big mines throughout the country and much of the credit goes to Joubin and his new theory. It may well lead us to replace the Belgian Congo as the world's No. 1 source of uranium, the wonder mineral that is beginning to revolutionize man's everyday life.

The story of the staking of Algoma—which sparked all this new activity—has a cloak-and-dagger feel about it. Joubin's prospecting parties tramped the Algoma bush for a month following a Z-shaped geological formation. Wherever the geigers pinged, the surrounding ground was staked.

Each evening the stakers sat down with the lawyers they'd brought along and assigned to their principals the claims staked that day. This was a timesaving wrinkle that no one had thought of before. It eliminated days of legal paper work back in Toronto after the job in the bush finished.

They Touched off a Stampede

In four weeks more than sixteen hundred mining claims were staked, some within half a mile of the highway and railroad, the most remote no more than twenty-five miles to the north. Yet nobody in the towns and villages of Algoma, nor in the mining fraternity outside, stumbled to what was afoot.

On the morning of July 11 the lawyers appeared at recording offices in various parts of Ontario as widely separated as Sudbury, Sault Ste. Marie, Timmins and Toronto. The bundles of papers they dropped on the mining recorders' desks jammed the works as they had never been jammed before. One government official posted a sign urging anybody with claims to record to stuff his papers through the mail slot—he'd look after them later. The news touched off a chain reaction that topped such famous stampedes as Ronyo in the 1920s. By the end of August more than eight thousand claims had been staked in Algoma by people who hadn't been in on the original expedition.

The Algoma story goes back to the turn of the century when prospectors first combed the country for base and precious metals, and it ran in fits and starts for forty years. None of them found anything of commercial value, but they left clues behind that were invaluable to the subsequent search for uranium. It was study of these clues, coupled to some brilliant deduction by Joubin that produced the theory from which may well come the world's greatest uranium field. In terms of tonnage, though not in ore grade, Algoma will have the greatest uranium mines on earth.

Joubin had been fussing around the region for years. "I kept blowing hot and cold, like a guy who can't quite make up his mind to ask a girl to marry him," he says. He read government reports. He studied geological maps. He tried repeatedly to persuade some of the biggest operators in North America to finance a thorough examination of the district. Always no dice.

He geigered the country north of Lake Huron. But when surface samples were studied they contained only feeble symptoms of radioactivity. Other geologists suggested he had been in contact with worthless material, probably thorium, but certainly not with uranium. Joubin disagreed otherwise.

He believed the wear and tear of time had leached off the surface radioactivity and that if he could get down below the outcrops he would find the ore. That meant diamond drills and money—and Joubin didn't have enough of the latter to pay for the former. Nonetheless he took a small party into the bush in May 1952 and staked thirty-six claims. Then, blowing cold again, he did nothing about Algoma for almost a year.

Joubin finally made up his mind during a business visit to England early in 1953. There he met colleagues with long experience on South Africa's Rand, including Dr. C. F. Davidson, chief geologist of the Atomic Energy Division of Her Majesty's Geological Survey. From these talks he became intrigued by the similarity of the South African conglomerate to what he had seen north of Lake Huron. He studied samples in the British Museum. He returned to Canada determined to get the answers in Algoma, win or lose.

First he needed money, then drills. He got the money from Joseph Hirshhorn, a backer of long shots who had already backed him in developing the Rix, now a modest but successful producer in the Beaverlodge field. The old established mining companies still wanted no part of the deal. Their geologists scoffed at the notion of finding uranium in the Sudbury-Soo area. One of the nation's biggest mining corporations, for example, had sent an exploration party into the field two or three years earlier. When its leader sent home for geigers they were refused on the ground that the instruments would distract the party from its original purpose—to look for gold and base metals.

But Hirshhorn was ready to bet thirty thousand dollars and Joubin headed north to drill his claims.

The first hole was started on April 6, 1953. The core was shipped to an assay office in Vancouver a few days later. Core followed core until fifteen had gone to the coast. But no reports came back. In exasperation Joubin finally phoned and was told that fire had wrecked the assayers' laboratory. The cores were safe however, and if he could wait a few days he'd have all the answers in one packet. Joubin waited and "chewed my nails right down to the quick."

On May 5 the morning mail brought a bulky package with the analyses of all Joubin's drill cores. Every hole had clicked. Overnight Joubin and Hirshhorn had become potential mine owners.

By noon they had decided on their staking bee to tie up the best ground in the district, the first operation of its scope in Canada of which there is any record. Speed was vital. Secrets have a way of going adrift in the world of mine finding. Certainly if they had moved men and equipment into the country from the highway the jig would have been up in a day. Their plea would cost a barrel of money and it must be raised post haste.

By mid-afternoon they were locked in a hotel suite with W. H. Bouck, a Toronto lawyer who is president of Preston East Dome, a dividend earning gold mine in the Porcupine that had a considerable kitty waiting for a promising exploration deal. By nightfall Preston was in as a partner and organization of the expedition was under way.

The results have been no less remarkable than some of the goings-on that preceded them. The original Joubin claims are now the Pronto mine, scheduled to mill a thousand tons of rock daily before the year is out, with a target of fifteen hundred after the plant has been run in. Its total output has been sold under firm contract until 1962 to Eldorado, the government's chosen instrument for buying all the uranium Canada can produce.

Pronto's reserves are classified information but it can be revealed that tonnage is reckoned in the millions and the grade is "commercial." At Quirke and Elliott Lakes in the north end centre of the field, a Preston subsidiary, Algom Uranium has developed two huge ore bodies that run to millions of tons. Each property will mill at least three thousand tons a day in its own concentration plant and one or the other will be the world's greatest uranium operation. (South Africa has larger mills but on the Rand, uranium is a by-product.)

The price tag for putting these two into operation may run to more than fifty millions but its sponsors expect to pay it off in six years of production. Other groups of claims staked during the expedition have been farmed out to such mining companies as McIntyre-Porcupine and New Jersey Zinc. Still others have been optioned or sold to new companies. The staking bee has paid off a thousandfold in less than two years. Algoma may well come up with a half dozen major producers. Its discoveries have spurred the search from coast to coast.

When the search reached the settled areas of eastern Canada some strange and hilarious incidents occurred. When, for example, a diamond-drilling company encountered strong geiger signals on an island in Lake Nipissing off North Bay, Ont., pandemonium reigned in town. Townsfolk who didn't have mining licenses rushed out to buy them and staked the business district and outlying residential areas. Business slowed to a crawl. One citizen decided that the most favorable area in which to find radioactive minerals must be on the far side of the city from his residence. He drove across town and sank claim stakes around the house and lawns of a friend who was away. On returning home he found a party of stakers busy in his own back yard.

But the prize staking jumble occurred at Oka—where Trappist monks make the well-known cheese—shortly after the Molybdenum Corporation of America took down some important geiger readings last year. What

Continued on page 85



Map shows the known Canadian uranium strikes. Not all are yet mines.



Aides H. R. Euckles and D. James discuss prospects with Joubin (centre).



$260,000

MARTIN BLOCK, of WABC New York, clowns with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Now earning a fabulous $260,000 a year, he invented Make Believe Ballroom.



$60,000

BILL RANDLE, of WERE Cleveland, with crooner Gary Crosby. A major disk jockey like Randle, who rates highest in the U.S., can make or break a singer.



$30,000

BILL SILBERT with teen fans at WMGM New York. He's top paid for the work he does — an hour a day. In addition he's an agent for young musicians.



$50,000

JACQUES NORMAND of Montreal's CKVL is the top paid Canadian jockey. Canadians don't wield the power of U.S. disk jockeys. Normand gets big acting fees.

Highly paid Canadians only echo U. S. hits



$25,000

ELWOOD GLOVER is one of the CBC's best known voices. In Canada you seldom hear a song twice on the same show. U.S. jockeys often play a record to death in a week.



$20,000

KEITH SANDY emcees a Make Believe Ballroom at CKEY Toronto, and is said to earn $20,000 a year. He's only one of several jockeys working for this station.

How the Disk jockeys run the Record world

They can take an obscure singer without talent and make her a star. They can turn a piece of gibberish into a runaway hit. They can drive an entertainer right out of the country. Some of them own yachts and make fortunes. Here's the story of radio's strangest phenomenon

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

THE PHENOMENON of the entertainment world today is the disk jockey, a man with a warm hearty voice and the ability to read who announces on radio and television the title of the next record to be played. No other profession has come so far so fast. Disk jockeys began a few years ago as the lowest-paid, least skilled and most-likely-to-be-sued people in radio. Suddenly they have become better paid than crooners, better known in their home towns than the mayor and more vital to a singer's success than talent. Depending on the way you feel about it, they are either the saviors or the executioners of the entertainment world.

All radio stations in North America and many U.S. television stations have an assortment of these modern marvels. It has been estimated that Canada's 177 radio stations have an average disk jockey population of four, giving the country about 700 of the breed. The proportion is higher in the U.S. where some 2,635 radio stations share 16,000 disk jockeys.

Disk jockeys perform a variety of tasks, in addition to reading titles off record labels. They deliver commercials and the best disk jockeys with the most air time can support a radio station single-handed. They advise motorists that the roads are slippery and housewives that the power in their area of the city will be temporarily suspended later in the afternoon. It is usually a disk jockey's announcement that finds missing relatives in the event of a sudden death in the family. Disk jockeys read the news, weather forecasts, baseball results, church-basement bazaar announcements and pleas for the Community Chest or blood donors. They have interrupted their broadcasts to announce that war has been declared, that a hurricane is imminent that flood waters are rising and they are the community's most valued agents in organizing assistance for stricken areas.

There is an infinite variety of disk jockeys. Some, like an inky-fingered high-school graduate in Brantford or Brandon earn about thirty-five dollars a week, some like Martin Block, of WABC in New York, earn five thousand a week. Some, like Ed Stevens, first baseman last year with the Toronto Maple Leaf baseball team, play hillbilly music and talk with a husky twang. Others, like Sir Ernest MacMillan, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, play Beethoven and speak with lofty tones. The majority of disk jockeys operate somewhere between, but there is a special category for disk jockeys like Max Ferguson, the CBC's Rawhide, who uses his network show to play Dylan Thomas poems and Australian aboriginal war chants.

Disk jockeys began with a reputation only a notch above bootleggers. They were sued by such musicians as Paul Whiteman and Fred Waring who complained that playing records on radio forced them to compete against themselves and lowered their prestige. For many years record labels bore the printed warning "Not For Use on Radio Broadcasts." The suits came to nothing and the entertainment business settled down to ten or fifteen years of tolerating disk jockeys.

The current picture couldn't be more different. Today's musicians live in terror of major disk jockeys. They flatter them, lie to them and shower them with gifts, letters and phone calls to insure that the disk jockeys will continue to play their records. Singers seldom visit any city without calling on every disk jockey in the area, including those with shows at dawn and at midnight. An entertainer who failed to pay this homage would be rebuked and perhaps fired by the record company that has him under contract.

Mitch Miller, the Columbia Records starmaker whose acumen in picking songs and singers has become a legend, recently announced that "Any singer who doesn't get along with the disk jockeys is out on his can."

The point has been reached where disk jockeys now audition new talent, select obscure music and recommend to record companies that a top artist make the record immediately. In some cases they operate their own fan clubs. The U.S. disk jockey has become a giant, often tyrannical and despised, whose interest in a singer can mean a wealth of night-club bookings, a four-figured record-royalty cheque and a stampede of autograph hunters. His lack of interest can mean obscurity.

A frightening example is Al Martino, a singer whose record of Take My Heart was a summer sensation a few years ago. Martino was unimpressed with the importance of disk jockeys and according to most reports virtually was banned by them. His career in the U.S. reached such an impasse he now lives in England.

On the other hand there is the impressive case of Mantovani, the English orchestra leader renowned for his swooping strings. Mantovani in 1952 had issued in the U.S. a long-playing album containing eight tunes. He was then unknown on this continent and the collection enjoyed few sales.

Toward the end of the year a disk jockey named Bill Silbert and his wife Charmaine dropped into the Cleveland studio of a friend, Bill Randle, also a disk jockey. When they left they remarked they would be listening to Randle's program on their car radio. Randle, planning a graceful compliment, asked his station's librarian to hunt up some record of the old song Charmaine. One was found as part of the Mantovani album and Randle played it.

Instantly a dozen listeners phoned the station to ask that the song be repeated. Randle did so three or four times. The calls to the station switchboard increased. "It lit up like a Christmas tree," reported Randle gleefully. "I knew I had something."

By Dint of Sheer Monotony

Since the prestige of a U.S. disk jockey rests on the hits he can create, Randle wasted no time in pushing his new discovery. He played the song five or six times the next afternoon and phoned the New York distributors of the Mantovani album to advise them to issue Charmaine as a single record. Teen agers, who purchase eighty-five percent of all popular records, rarely can afford an entire album.

Sales of the single record of Charmaine boomed hysterically in Cleveland, fashed by Randle who has a five-hour program six days a week and a six hour program on Sundays. A chain reaction was started from disk jockey to disk jockey and Mantovani's Charmaine became one of the best selling records in the U.S., followed a few weeks later—as is the custom with popular records—by a similar success in Canada. Mantovani followed with more single records, more albums and a cross-country concert tour. He was the first to admit that he owed it all to a disk jockey in Cleveland.

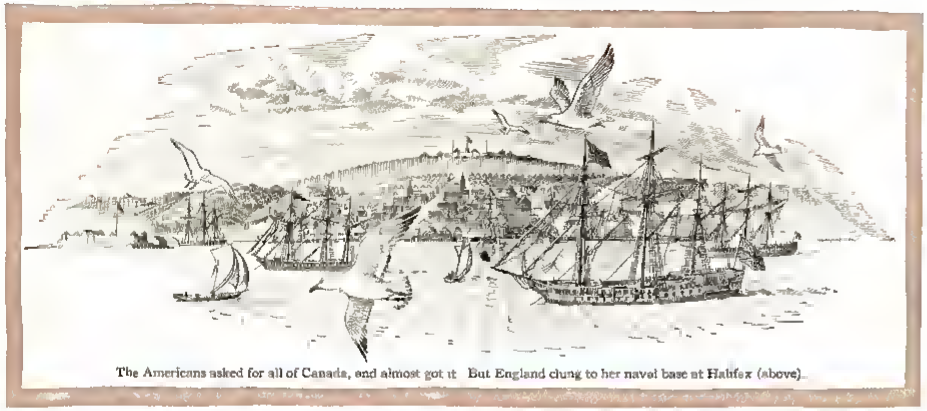
A sharp difference exists between the practices of U.S. disk jockeys, many of whom have used their air time to promote artists, night clubs and record companies they own, and the behavior of Canadian disk jockeys, almost all of whom have their programs strictly monitored by station managers. Canadian jockeys are not permitted to promote anything but their sponsors and they almost never play a record twice on the same show.

The American disk jockey, on the other hand, arrives at his prestige by dint of sheer monotony—sometimes playing a new record five times on every show for weeks. If the record doesn't sell in his area he stops playing it for fear of being associated with a dud. If it does sell, he gets out a news release announcing he has made a hit.

Record stores have noted that this dreary system has resulted in a volume of sales higher than they have ever known. The record industry in the United States last year was worth $226 millions, a seventeen percent increase over 1952. Canadian record sales last year grossed slightly more than thirteen million dollars which represented a slump. Those in the know blame this slump partly on the novelty of Canadian TV and partly on the lack of zest of Canadian disk jockeys for pushing new records.

The boom in the States is not without drawbacks. A hit record fifteen years ago lasted six months or a year. Today a adult can associate an entire stage of their adolescence with a single sentimental song. Modern hits last only a

Continued on page 70



The Americans asked for all of Canada, and almost got it. But England clung to her naval base at Halifax (above).

The Day They Carved Up Canada

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

In Paris that summer day the fatuous ministers of George III were no match for the shrewd backwoodsmen from the victorious Americas. At the stroke of a pen they gave away the life work of Canada's great explorers

IN THE summer of 1782 Paris beheld, through the front window of Europe, three of that strange race of men who had beaten England, now imagined that they could build a nation in the American wilds and were ready to draw its bound aries.

Few of the better European minds believed that the nation if ever built would amount to much or last long. It had won its Revolution but it still consisted of thirteen fractious splinters, called itself a confederation and by no definition could be called a state. It lacked any effective central government. It had no general laws. Its money, those torrents of paper flowing out of the so-called Congress were as the Canadians already had found, "not worth a Continental."

Just the same, its representatives appeared literate, confident and smooth. Also they professed to know all about America and entertained extraordinary, rather boyish hopes for its future.

England may have begun to grasp the huge and bitter irony of its recent defeat—all the money, people and genius it had invested in the southern half of the continent had been used to drive it into the northern half, the former empire of France.

Some men in England also saw dimly beyond this paradox and realized that the American Revolution had been the largest human tragedy of modern times. The great, lasting and tragic loss—to England and to civilization itself—lay not in American independence but in the spiritual schism of the English-speaking peoples. And that schism of the spirit would take incalculable time to repair, with incalculable future costs, risks and damage to both sides of the unnecessary war.

The American delegates to the Paris peace conference in the heady days of their triumph were the last men who could be expected to see these consequences. They knew all the answers to the immediate questions, supplied them freely and had few doubts about anything.

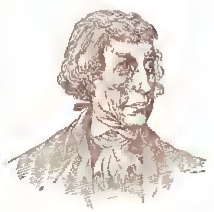
Ben Franklin with his homely, smiling face, his genial and ingratiating manners, his humorous and crackling pen, his way with women, his intimate knowledge of such things as stoves and electricity, had long since found his way through the offices, drawing rooms and coffee houses of London, the salons, boudoirs and intrigues of Paris.

John Jay was a competent New York lawyer, cool, amateur and aristocratic. He had drafted some of the basic documents of the Revolution, had presided over its Congress and only missed signing the Declaration by an unfortunate absence on other business.

John Adams, of Boston, though inflicted with a dreadful nonsin, Sam, appeared to the English as a gentleman learned in the law, handsome, impetuous, vain and fearless.

The trio of Americans

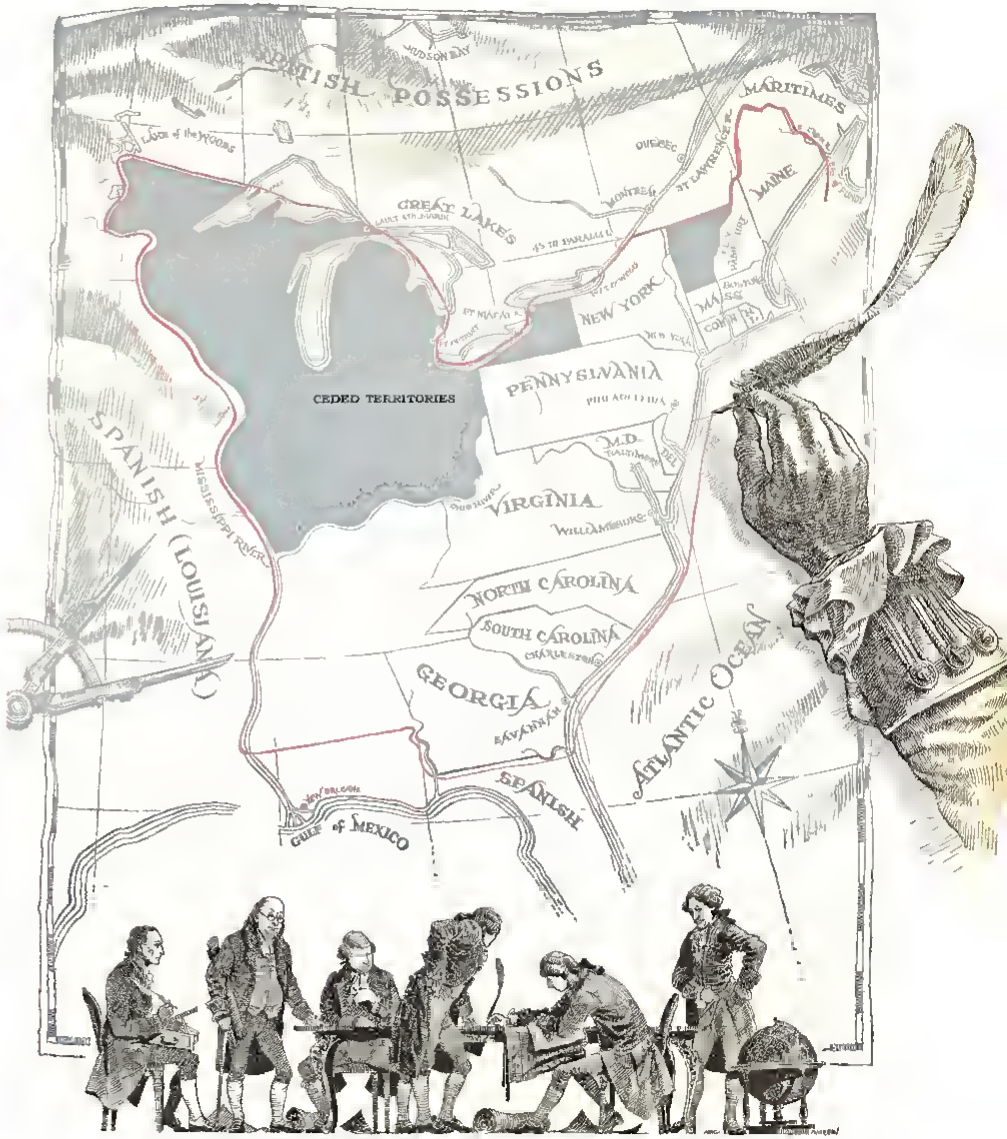
Continued on page 88



HORACE WALPOLE
"We do not know the extent of our loss."



KING GEORGE III
"The Americans are all knaves."



The three Americans (left) knew what they wanted; the English didn't care. They gave away the work of Talon, Joliet, La Salle, Marquette. The huge areas (shaded grey on the map above) went to the U. S. for the asking.



The author at work. He carries his own air.

What it's like to work underwater

One of our few professional frogmen tells how he dives without a lifeline to search with his camera for sunken wrecks. Insurance companies won't touch him, but the thing that scares him most of all the sea's terrors is the mysterious "rapture of the deep"



At Peggy's Cove, N.S., Sweeney and helper Roger Grant check equipment before a dive.



An underwater camera helps to pinpoint a shipwreck and also report on ocean life.

BY JOHN SWEENEY

To see what a frogman sees underwater, look at page 78

YOU MUST be crazy to dive in this weather and without a lifeline!" The boatman who helped me into my frogman gear turned his back to the wind.

Long swells rolled into Halifax harbor from the ocean and pitched our motor launch this way and that. It was October. The wind lifted spray from the tops of the waves and soaked me before I could get into my rubber suit and swim fins.

The boatman braced his feet on deck and held my aqua-lung cylinders while I strapped them to my back. He turned on my air. I clutched the rubber mouthpiece between my teeth, slipped over the side of the boat into the choppy water, held myself below the surface to vent the air from my suit, checked my breathing equipment, and dived head first down through the yellow-green dimness—down to a ship that for ten years had lain in the mud of the harbor.

The ship was the old freighter Trongate. During the war it caught fire while anchored in the roadstead of Halifax harbor and was blasted by naval guns. Full of holes, she sank at her anchor into eighty feet of water. She became a hazard to shipping. Three contractors failed to salvage her. Now tenders were out for either the salvage of the Trongate or her removal from the harbor. I was hired by a contractor to make a photo survey.

The job was secret, of course, as salvage men like to keep their sunken ships to themselves. I was to find out what condition the old ship was in and whether it would be worthwhile for my employer to tender on her.

Now I was on my way down. I knew the ship was partly blown to bits from previous attempts at salvage. I dived without lifeline or air hose. My air was strapped to my back in two compressed-air cylinders that weighed seventy-six pounds on the surface but almost nothing beneath. I breathed air from them through a rubber tube leading from the cylinders into my mouthpiece. For propulsion underwater I was wearing swim fins like the tail of a fish on each foot. Over my face was a rubber-encased glass plate. Underwater it was like looking through slightly foggy air.

Going down, I stopped quickly at thirty feet to clear my ears from the crushing pressure then swam on with easy rhythmical motions of my fins. I landed on the ship's ghostly bridge, seventy feet down, and slipped down the side to the bottom.

In the haunted gloom of the underwater world the loneliness of the old ship was magnificent—and terrible too. Nowhere on earth is a man, or a ship, more alone than on the bottom of the ocean. I had no signal line to help me if I got trapped and the air strapped to my back would last me about forty-five minutes.

In that time I had to swim over the wreck, try to examine every nut and bolt and hole, measure the depth of mud in which she lay, the angle at which she lay. Was it worth it to raise her? How much would it cost?

Holding to a stanchion near the bridge I gazed through the yellow-green light of the harbor water. I put hard into my mouthpiece and sucked air from the cylinders through a *Continued on page 77*





In the cavernous Automotive Building at Toronto's CNE grounds Hadassah members serve a 14-hour blitz of bargains to 42,000 customers. No salaries are paid

What 2500 women can do in a day



"Gather round, folks . . . it's the lucky draw!" Nathan Phillips, later Toronto mayor, picks the winner of a car.

With baubles and bargains, these Jewish women raise seventy-two thousand dollars for charities —all in one day. They insist it's the Biggest Bazaar in the World—and they may be right. Join the crowd and snap up a dress for a dollar

BY JOAN DOTY

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN

IT IS ALMOST ten o'clock on a harsh October morning and the cold rain is washing against the concrete walls of the enormous Automotive Building on the Exhibition Grounds at Toronto. The Biggest Bazaar in the World is about to open its doors and a throng of early arrivals is waiting impatiently to crowd the aisles.

Inside, six acres of merchandise—all of it underpriced and jammed into two hundred and ten booths—awaits the pawing of forty-two thousand customers. As the doors swing open more than two thousand harried housewives playing the unaccustomed role of saleslgirls hurriedly butt their cigarettes and move in behind the cash boxes. It will be a long day—fourteen hours of it—but before it's done they will have collected approximately seventy two thousand dollars for a Jewish charitable organization called Hadassah.

The onslaught has already begun. In the vanguard of the throng, her drab black raincoat glistening under the blaze of ceiling lights, a bent old woman moves determinedly between the mounds of jewelry, clothing, furniture and whathave you, swinging her shopping bag and searching for bargains—suits for five dollars, earrings for a quarter, skirts for a dollar, shoes for fifty cents.

"Any tie bars for fifty cents?" somebody calls out. An old man, his grey hair caught over the collar of his worn overcoat and his left shoe split on the sole, detaches himself from the moving crowd, but the bent old woman pays no heed. She pushes on to the racks of dresses, coats and suits and swiftly pulls a maroon coat off the hanger.

What! Thirty Cents for Socks!

She smiles as she feels the fit of the shoulders, then stretches her arm to see the sleeve length and bends down to look at the hem. There is no mirror to show whether the style is becoming; the light isn't good enough to tell if the color has faded because the coat has perhaps been too long in a shop window. No matter.

At first her Polish coated words are drowned in the jabbering of the crowd around the booth. A saleswoman spies her quickly.

"A beautiful fit, lady. That is your coat, no doubt about it. You can have it for eight dollars. That's a bargain, you know. Originally $29.95. See here on the tag."

"Eight dollars." Eight dollars." The woman looks down at the coat then back at the salesgirl.

"Okay, eight dollars. I take it."

The Biggest Bazaar in the World has made its first sale.

All over the crowded floor, the housewives of Hadassah are ringing up similar sales, partly from bargain hunters and partly from others like themselves who come mainly to help support Hadassah's work in Israel. Hadassah has been going for almost forty years in Canada and has fifteen thousand members across the country. It raises a million dollars a year for the Jewish homeland but this astonishing one-day blitz by its twenty-five hundred Toronto members is its most ambitious project.

One of the twenty-five hundred—a blond young Hadassahite—is arguing with a plump woman customer at the socks counter.

"Thirty cents is too much for a pair of men's socks," the customer says emphatically, over the hubbub of the oncoming crowd.

"So what do you want for thirty cents? These cost a dollar fifty in all the stores."

"Two pairs for fifty cents!" insists the plump woman, shouting.

"Two for *sixty* cents!"

"Keep 'em!" the customer cries, throwing the socks at the girl and elbowing her way back into the crowd.

The amateur salesgirl sighs. Every bazaar gets its share of hagglers. All over the country, in church basements and community halls, at cake sales and rummage sales month in and month out, Canadian housewives are continually making money by offering bargains. And always there are bargain hunters. Here at the Hadassah bazaar, they come by thousands, prepared to bargain all day if necessary.

A well-dressed middle-aged woman approaches the children's wear counter and picks up an eight year old's dress.

"I'll give you two dollars for it," she shouts.

The girl behind the counter tells her the dress is priced at five dollars but she'll go and see if it can be reduced. Yes, it can go down to four dollars.

"Two dollars!" the woman says stubbornly and stalks off.

All day long she plays the game until she has approached each of the six salesgirls and made her offer. Each time they tell her the price is four dollars. She shouts that one girl is stingy and mean. But in the end she buys the dress. Whatever the price, it is a clear profit for Hadassah for every scrap of merchandise is.

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"This beautiful brooch for fifty cents!" Haggling is part of the game, and the customer suggests two bits



Last minute shoppers wait for the final price cuts



"A jar of pickles for you, sir." And perhaps a comb for madam." Housewives toil all day as saleslgirls



The Rugged Rebel of the Theatre

BY BARBARA MOON

Husky Douglas Campbell is an individualist in an age of conformers. He's a pacifist and vegetarian, a renowned actor who doesn't like grease paint or lavish sets. Instead of the mannered acclaim of city theatregoers he prefers the yippees of the Indians at Moosonee

NORANDA and its twin city Ronyn are rough tough northern Quebec mining towns with a combined population of twenty five thousand. Four of every five residents are Roman Catholics, three of five speak no English. All—*Canadiens* and Canadians—get their living from the mines and their fun from hockey. Any auxiliary entertainment is likely to be something like Gene Autry's road show last September.

Into this unlikely milieu, in mid-January, a man named Douglas Campbell brought George Bernard Shaw's Saint Joan: a talky, preachy play whose heroine has the sex appeal of a Campfire Girl and whose high point is a sharp—but unathletic—round-table argument about individualism versus authority, nationalism versus feudalism and Protestantism versus the Roman Catholic Church.

The only available accommodation was a stage rigged from a boxing ring in the gymnasium of the local recreation centre. Campbell's dressing room was an equipment locker jammed with trampolines and basketballs. His advance publicity was crowded into an apologetic half inch at the bottom of the regular hockey programme and he competed on the night of the performance with two hockey games and a bonspiel in the same building. The hockey and curling drew eight hundred; the play, three hundred.

But Campbell, a lusty, rich voiced, red-haired actor of thirty-two is a born rebel who glories in doing things the hard way. After hoisting himself to the top rank in the English theatre, he threw it up to come pioneering in Canada where he was one of the hits of the two Stratford Shakespearean Festivals.

Having been called "the greatest Shakespearean comedian in the theatre world today" by critic Brooke Atkinson of the New York Times, he neglected the obvious step of cashing in on his reputation and embarked instead on his recent tour with the Canadian Players, a traveling troupe he recruited last fall from among the leading Stratford Festival actors. From start to finish, the tour was a prime example of Campbell's love for tilting at windmills.

Road companies usually try to hit the big cities and the plush theatres where audiences are large and opulent. Not Campbell. He headed for the hinterland—twenty-two southern Ontario centres like Deep River and Simcoe whose stage facilities turned out to be mainly church halls.

Theatrical companies that do tour small towns usually bring in a "safe" play such as Charley's Aunt or The Man Who Came to Dinner. Not Campbell. He picked Saint Joan and set out last fall to supply Shavian wit to the bean growers of Chatham and the mill hands of Renfrew.

A Canadian theatrical company venturing to bring a Shaw play to a small town might be expected to cut the risk by mounting it with showy costumes and lavish sets. Not Campbell. He gave himself a bare stage, a beige backdrop, two benches and a table.

As a final handicap, Campbell called on seven actors in identical charcoal grey suits to take twenty parts. This was a kind of multiple-personality fest previously attempted in Canada only by Rawhide, the CBC's many-veined disk jockey. Campbell himself played three roles and his wife, Ann Casson, played Joan.

The reception was scarcely surprising. The critics were radiant. Variety called it "a superb production" and the New York Times announced that the company's verve, versatility and acting ability were "leaving viewers breathless and excited." Many theatregoers agreed with the critics but a few were baffled. "Couldn't you afford costumes?" inquired a man in Renfrew. Others were infuriated. In London fifteen people walked out after the first act and "Disgusted" wrote the London Free Press that the production was "an insult."

These were the ones that bothered to come. To Campbell the depressing fact was that most people didn't bother. At Brantford, for instance, the troupe glumly played to six hundred people in a moving-picture palace that holds sixteen hundred. At Brampton a scant hundred and forty were present. The players joked privately about their "secret tour of Saint Joan."

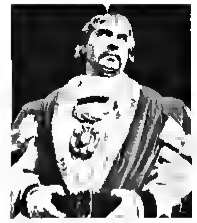
But Campbell is a determined renegade—a vegetarian who munches hard-boiled eggs at parties where beef is served, a pacifist who once turned down a good part because it was in a war play and who got docked in a Fife-shire canal for passing out anti war literature near an army camp. Now, having a financial flop on his hands, Campbell blandly raised the hurdles—and a little more money—and set off again after Christmas.

To—of all places—Moosonee, Ont.

Moosonee is a tiny pinpoint on the James Bay shore where, in addition to such embarrassments as no theatre and no stage, the temperature stood at twenty below the day of the play. The population consists of fifty white people and two hundred Indians, many of whom speak nothing but their native Cree. A Quonset hut had to be requisitioned as a theatre, lumber for a stage pirated from a shipment destined for a mission, and the entire community darkened to divert enough electricity for stage lighting.

But the bewildering fact is that Campbell had a resounding success in Moosonee. He played to standing room only. The walls were lined with Indians who couldn't find seats and outside in the icy cold more Indians pressed close to the windows for three and a half hours. Children cramming the front rows craned expectantly every time an actor pointed at a non-existent kingfisher or gestured broadly towards "the English forts" they bounced their knees to the drumbeat in the battle scene, and cried in fright at Joan's return from the dead in the Epilogue. The entire audience clapped wildly at the

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HASTINGS RICHARD III


KATHERINA TAMING OF THE SHREW


SHOEMAKER SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY


PAROLLES ALL'S WELL


POMPEY MEASURE FOR MEASURE



It was the day of the royal garden party
and the Wing Commander was there,
with knobs on.
But in the sky were a couple of flying fools
intent upon

Porky Proctor's downfall

By J. N. HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

All eyes turned skyward as Proctor's planes flew over. "And what else does your squadron advertise?" the Queen Mother asked him

WE HAD BEEN night-flying the night before, flogging around the circuit in our Handley Page Harrows, old high winged, underpowered monoplanes with a fixed undercarriage and a built in head wind. We had practiced landings and instrument flying and had finished up at 0200 hours by having a lecture on gentlemanliness from our commanding officer, Wing Commander C. C. Proctor, AFC. The Wing Commander said it had come to his ears that certain officers had removed their jackets in the cinema in Norwich and had sat there in their shirtsleeves like plumbers' apprentices. This sort of conduct, if continued, would quickly undermine the Service. In order to combat it, he had persuaded the Station Commander to cancel all supper nights for a month, and henceforth we would dress for dinner every night of the week until the sentence had expired.

"I'm glad the CO doesn't know I sleep without pyjama bottoms," Reggie Gresham had said as we trailed away from the hangar bound for the mess and our night flying breakfast, which was eaten by custom before going to bed. "Just think—we'll be dressing for dinner through all the hot weather."

It was a gloomy thought, so we immediately turned to other things.

"I say, Hunk," Reggie said. "We don't play cricket, so we'll have all tomorrow off. Why don't we push off along the coast to that little pub—The Pelican, isn't it? We can walk along the cliffs, swim and try the local brew. We can forget about Proctor and dress regulations and the whole boiling issue."

That was how we came to be lying in a cliffside meadow on the Norfolk coast on a brilliant June morning in 1938, an English boy a year or two out of school and a Canadian who had traveled by cattle boat to the Old Country to get into the RAF, and at that moment we tasted utter content because the whole world had come to a glorious stop, and you could peer through the long grass and watch baby seals at play on the sand bars. Behind us, birds were singing in a wood and a creaked blue pillar of smoke was rising from the Pelican's chimney.

The only other sound was the lazy drone of a small airplane which was pushing along the coast toward Cromer, dragging a long banner which bore the single word CODOMALT.

"They gave it to me when I was a kid," Reggie said. "That looks like an Avro 504K. It was a great aircraft during the Boer War."

"Hey, listen," I said. "The guy's in trouble."

Sure enough he was. There were ominous poppings then an angry spurt of black smoke from the little aircraft, then suddenly it was silent, the engine completely dead.

As we watched, the banner floated loose from the aircraft and fluttered earthward. One glance at the Avro told me that it was in the hands of a skilled and experienced pilot. It went into a series of crisp S-turns just off the coast, until it had descended to about 400 feet, when it turned in without hesitation and headed for the field next to ours.

"Come on," Reggie shouted, "we may have to pull the pilot out of the wreck." The shadow of the little plane flitted over us as we ran, but there was to be no wreckage, for the Avro came in a hair about twenty yards from the back door of the Pelican. As we reached it we found the pilot already standing up in the cockpit, his goggles pushed up, his helmet loosened, and a cigarette in his mouth. He stepped out in the grand manner and surveyed us with a lofty and only slightly condescending smile.

He was something over six feet, large and shaggy. His moustache had the right casual wind blown air, like a hedgerow where you might find wild flowers and birds' nests. He wore an ancient sports jacket with leather cuffs and elbows, and round his neck he had flung a muffler.

"Ah there, chaps," he said airily. "Would you happen to know

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A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Lakes, sloughs and wells dried up, dust filled the prairie air and the farmers' hearts, grasshoppers got what crop was left and thousands became paupers. Who can forget 1937?

The Year It Didn't Rain

By MAX BRAITHWAITE



'No crop, no garden, no feed — nothing at everything.' Farmers joked about kids who had never seen rain and legs that never had a pond to jump in.

WHEN YOU drive across the western prairies today and see the verdant growth on all sides, the gleaming new cars and the 14 000 combines parked in farmers' yards, the barns and sheds and outbuildings bulging with surplus wheat—when you see all this it's hard to believe that just eighteen years ago the same land was a dry, barren, dust-cluttered desert.

That was 1937—the blackest year on the prairies.

It was a year that broke all records for drought, dust, destitution and poverty. It was a year in which sloughs, lakes and wells that had contained water for as long as anyone could remember shrank and shriveled until they became dry as a bone. It was a year when clouds of dust filled the air from morning until night for weeks at a time. It was the year of the grasshoppers: they chewed up every thing green that struggled up through the dust. It was the year when most of the people of an entire province became paupers and more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand prairie residents were driven off the land, never to return.

That was 1937—the year it didn't rain.

The thing that those of us who lived there remember most vividly that year was the dust storms. There is nothing in nature quite as dirty and relentless and mean. You can hide from a blizzard—but the dust followed you right indoors. It drifted under the doors and windows: it got into your food, your tea and your teeth.

I remember one particularly bad storm in the town of Vonda, Sask., where I taught school in 1937. I came home to find my wife and three-year-old child in bed with wet cloths over their faces. My wife had taken down the curtains from the windows, the pictures from the walls and the knick-knacks from the shelves and packed them away from the grit. It simplified dusting.

She washed dishes before every meal as well as after—not even the tightest cupboard could keep out the dust. She set the table and covered everything with a cloth until we put the food on plates. And as we ate we watched the ripples of dust forming on the white tablecloth.

Outside it was unbearable. The incessant wind tore at your clothes and threw dirt in your face. Those farmers who could still joke claimed that if you wanted to tell how bad the storm was you threw a gopher up in the air: if he dug a hole up there it was still bad.

If the dust was bad, so was the wind. One afternoon near Lafleche, in the southwest corner of Manitoba, farmer Wylie Brown and his family had taken cover in the house during a sixty-mile-an-hour wind when they heard a loud creaking. "The barn roof's going!" shouted his son as he and Wylie dashed out the door. The swirling dust tore at them, it was so thick they couldn't see the barn. Finally they got hold of a chicken-wire fence and fought their way along it. When they got inside the barn the eight horses and four cows refused to go out. They were finally forced out just before the roof blew off. Later the Browns found pieces of it three miles away.

In much of the west the fields were a ruin. Dust started to lift before the ground was properly thawed in the spring and kept rising all summer. Sometimes a farmer sitting on his seeder couldn't see his eight-horse team.

Jim Brak, who farms near Meacham, Sask., claims that as much of his neighbor's summer fallow blew onto his field that it buried his crop and he had to reseed the field. "I swear my field was three inches higher after that blow," he declares.

Dust dunes filled the ditches and climbed halfway up telephone poles. Dust buried fences so that cattle wandered right over the top of them. Farm implements left in the field were half-buried. Dust drifted up to the eaves of many abandoned houses in the Moose Jaw district. George Treleaven tells how he visited his family farm near Henley and found giant holes gouged out of wheat fields by the wind.

Even in winter the wind ripped the frozen topsoil from the fields and turned snowdrifts a muddy grey. The players on a hockey team who motored from Moose Jaw to Melville in December were so encrusted with dust that they had to shower before going on the ice.

What caused it all?

In the first place 1937 was the culmination of nine below-average rainfall years still referred to by farmers as "the dirty Thirties." Some blamed sun spots; others said "Something's happened to the winds from the Gulf of Mexico." Others maintained it was just the downright cussedness of prairie weather, which is probably as good an explanation as any.

Actually the Great Central Plain, of which the prairie wheat country is a part, is only a couple of inches away from drought at any time. By the time the prevailing winds from the west have crossed the Rockies they've given up most of their moisture. Whereas most of the world's good agricultural areas receive on average rainfall of from twenty to fifty inches, most prairie regions don't average better than ten and few go over fifteen inches a year.

Even in the best years some regions are hit with drought or near drought conditions. Prairie farmers say, "If we don't get those million-dollar rains in May or June we get no crop."

The sense of drought *Continued on page 53*

An abandoned farm near Regina. Sixty-six thousand left Saskatchewan.



The dust buried fences and implements and drifted right up to farmhouse eaves.



THE YEAR IT DIDN'T RAIN is another of the special articles telling the absorbing story of the prairies that Maclean's is publishing this year to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta.



Yarmouth harbormaster Capt. A. W. Hilton is eighty-three. He remembers when his father sailed a full-rigger out of this port, now jammed with fishing smacks



Capt. Fred Cormier is gratified only by memory for his models. He shipped out for the first time at fifteen



One sail loft remains in Yarmouth where outre windjammers abounded. Capt. Charlie Fevens watches Don McNeil



Greenery-clerk George Matthews wants to open a ship museum. He's lost to the storied past

Old timers yarn about windjammer days around a pot-bellied stove. From left, Capts. C. L. Hatfield, A. E. MacKinnon, A. W. Hilton and shipbuilder George Killam.



The Port that sighs for sail

Although Yarmouth, N.S., is agog about the new five-million-dollar ferry that will link it with Bar Harbor, Me., its heart is still back in the past when its proud windjammers beat the Seven Seas

By NORMAN CREIGHTON

PHOTOS BY JOE LOVEJOY

AT YARMOUTH, a port on Nova Scotia's southern tip, a yacht named Kabeb is high up on the ship, her hatches battened down with tarpaulin against snowstorms. George Killam, her owner, had planned a cruise to Florida last fall but he couldn't muster a crew. Nobody among the town's nine thousand inhabitants was interested in taking the yacht down to Palm Beach. Instead they preferred to stay home and reminisce about the great days of the windjammers when their grandfathers won for Yarmouth the proud title: Home of wooden ships and iron men.

In this town, which once owned more tonnage per capita than any other port in the world, there are few men left capable of handling a ship. Retired skipper John Sims says: "I'd be afraid to go to sea with a crew out of Yarmouth today. They'd end up taking the spars out of her."

Only a handful of local men still follow the sailing of their fathers: some of them on a ship that never sails. The Lurcher lightship. She rides at anchor off the head of the harbor, a warning to anyone who might venture too close to the sinister Lurcher Ledges. Between deafening blasts from her fog horn, the crew swap yarns about the wreck of the City of Monticello and more than three hundred other vessels lost in the vicinity of Cape Sable during the glorious days of sail.

The plain fact is that nothing has ever taken the place of the wind ships for those who live along Nova Scotia's five thousand miles of coast. Even the prospect of a five million dollar ferry scheduled to begin service next spring between Yarmouth and Bar Harbor, Maine, at first aroused only languid interest among the town's older generation. Why get excited over something so prosaic as a ferry? It is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the County of Yarmouth, one of the biggest square-riggers ever to sail out of a Canadian port.

Nothing could equal one of those old windjammers with all her canvas spread, even to the skysails, coming about into the wind with the grace of a basking sea gull. The Bar Harbor ferry and its speed of eighteen and a half knots just isn't in it.

There scarcely can have been such a place as Yarmouth was in the days of wooden ships. Over the span of its supremacy it entered two thousand vessels in its registry, most of them built in the district. It sailed them too. Its skippers, accompanied by wives and children, beat back and forth around the world, sometimes in the North Atlantic trade, sometimes in the China trade. Once Yarmouth Light fell below the horizon, they did not return home for perhaps five years, if ever.

Yarmouth's wharves were seldom empty of some barque in from the Orient, and the tills in its counting houses were heavy with foreign coin.

Some of these same establishments are still doing business on Water Street, like frock-coated old gentlemen, sedate, unhurried, and with a comfy air that bespeaks a rich past. At the wharfside warehouse of Parker-Eakins Co. Ltd., you will find one of the last links with the West Indies trade, exchanging dried fish and lumber for molasses and rum. Here you may buy tamarinds, a tart little fruit familiar to generations of Yarmouth folk, imported from Antigua in small oak casks. Bernard Robbins, president

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Why Big-League Goalies CRACK UP

BY TRENT FRAYNE

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL BURNS

The mayhem of modern hockey ruins their sleep; they get ulcers; they fight with their wives; they get cut by bulletlike shots. They also get pampered and paid up to $15,000 a season. But they all agree it's not worth it



Maple Leafs' Harry Lumley registers dismay as Black Hawks' Nick Mickoski heels him with a hard one. In the playoffs one miss might cost each player $1,500

YOUNG Terry Sawchuk was performing acrobatically in goal for the Detroit Red Wings in a game in the Montreal Forum one night last spring when Tommy Gorman, an old time National Hockey League executive who now heads the Ottawa Auditorium, got to Montreal for one of his infrequent visits to an NHL arena. Gorman had not seen Sawchuk in action for two or three years and his first reaction was one of surprise at his drawn appearance. After watching the goalkeeper dive and sprawl to make spectacular stops for two periods, Gorman turned to a friend.

"How old is that boy Sawchuk?" he asked.

"Twenty four," was the reply.

"Next year," said Gorman, shaking his head, "he'll be thirty-four."

Gorman's remark had a good deal of painful truth to it. The terrible strain on goalkeepers in the modern game ages them quickly and causes an annual turnover that is on the increase. Right now only three goalies—Sawchuk, Toronto's Harry Lumley and Chicago's Al Rollins—have been able to survive in the big league more than *two* seasons. Rollins, who is twenty-eight, has shown signs of wear and tear. He was benched in December and again in January to rest his edgy nerves. Sawchuk, too, is battling to hold his job.

In the past five years two goalkeepers, Bill Durnan and Gerry McNeil, both of the Montreal Canadiens, have retired at the peak of their careers because of the pressure of playing major-league hockey, and in the last four years there have been twenty five goalies performing at various times for the six teams in the NHL, an incredible average of more than four per club. Through January in this current season alone, the six NHL teams have used fourteen different goalkeepers, because of injuries or unsatisfactory performance.

Tension makes misery of goalkeepers' lives. They can't sleep at night. They get ulcers. They throw steaks at their wives. They swing their sticks at rival players. They even become physically ill.

They lose pounds every game because they're under the tension of being unable to move around freely, the tension of physical danger from a rocketing puck and the tension of heavy responsibility. This responsibility increases in the playoffs when a single mistake by a goalie can cost him and his teammates $1,500 each in bonus money.

The modern goalkeeper undergoes strains that were unknown to his counterpart of twenty or even ten years ago. In the Thirties men like George Hainsworth, Roy Worters, Lorne Chabot, Tiny Thompson and Alec Connell seemingly owned lifetime leases on the goals they guarded. Every one of them had at least a ten-year career, playing schedules of forty four, and later forty eight games.

In the Forties the war disrupted the careers of such successors as Turk Broda, Frank Brimsek, Charlie Rayner and Johnny Mowers. More significantly, a series of changes in the rules began whittling away at a goalkeeper's life expectancy. The centre red line, introduced in 1943, permitted attacking teams to shoot the puck into the defensive team's end of the rink from centre ice, and set the stage for contentious five-man power plays. The rule caused frenzied pile-ups in front of the nets that were unheard of in the old days.

They've Been Falling Like Flies

Worse, from the goalkeeper's point of view were the rule changes that lengthened the playing schedule. The schedule was gently boosted from forty-eight to fifty games in 1944-45, and then it was increased to sixty games two years later. In the 1949-50 season it went to seventy games.

Counting pre-season exhibitions and postseason playoffs, teams often played eighty to ninety games between mid-September when the training season opened until mid-April when the Stanley Cup playoffs ended. They've been doing it every year since 1949 and goalkeepers have been falling like flies. Only Harry Lumley, who entered the NHL as a regular with Detroit in 1944-45, survives.

One of the first goalers to succumb to the new order of hair-raising traffic jams over long schedules was Frank McCool, an anguished chattel of the Toronto Maple Leafs, who ran up a record three straight shutouts over Detroit in the 1945 Stanley Cup playoffs. The Leafs scored only four goals in the first three games yet managed to win all of them, largely due to McCool's grim stand in goal. Each victory, however, brought him corresponding misery, for he was nursing an ulcer which the mounting tension aggravated.

The series went the full seven games. The final and deciding game was in Detroit. Halfway through it McCool suddenly called time and skated towards the Toronto bench. White and drawn, he walked past his coach Clarence (Hap) Day and silently made his way to the dressing room. He sat down in front of his locker, his elbows on his thighs, and stared at the floor. As Day came into the room McCool reached for a bottle of stomach powder, mixed it in a paper cup, gulped it down and sat silently again.

"How about it, Frank?" Day asked.

McCool didn't answer.

"There's nobody else," said Day. "We've got no sub."

Finally McCool nodded. "I can finish," he said quietly.

They went back into the arena. Halfway through the third period Babe Pratt scored a goal for Toronto and McCool hung on until the end.

"Goalkeepers are a race apart, especially in the playoffs," Day says. "For a moment there, when McCool went to the dressing room, I thought that I might have to play goal. I can't imagine a worse fate."

McCool's case was extreme but by no means isolated. All goalkeepers undergo a kind of tension that is unique in sports. The very nature of their work prevents them from giving free physical rein to their emotions. Defensemen can rid themselves of tension by knocking down an opposing forward, and forwards can tear up and down in pursuit of the puck, offsetting mental pressure with physical impact. But goalies must stick to their nets.

"A goalkeeper just stands there, seemingly impassive but actually boiling inside," says Muzz Patrick, coach of the New York Rangers. "Why, they even play a different game. The closest approach in another sport

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The faces of these NHL goalies show the strain that cuts their playing life short



WOUNDED: Canadiens' Gerry McNeil lost his sleep replaying tough shots he missed in games.



WORRIED: Bruins' Jim Henry lost his job to John Henderson this year but he may get it back.



TENSED: Red Wings' Terry Sawchuk is one of three who have survived two years in the NHL.



SHOCKED: Maple Leafs' Turk Broda was cool in the playoffs but he blew his top in his room.



ANGERED: Rangers' Charlie Rayner pinked up seventy-eight stitches and lost his bank teeth.



PRESSED: Black Hawks' Al Rollins starred for five years. Now he's fighting for his job.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MARCH 19, 1955



While the lecturer drones on, and the rest of the audience yawns and fidgets, one man sizes up the blonde in the fourth row and wonders if she can cook.

The Art of not Listening

If you find yourself pinned down by a bore on the platform here's one man's foolproof system for learning a lot without hearing a single word

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY DON SEXTON

A GREAT DEAL of time and effort have been devoted to teaching people how to speak in public. But little face the facts. Certain members of *home* sap were born insufferable bores and are destined to remain insufferable bores no matter how many public-speaking courses they take. They could return from a rocket trip to Mars and describe the journey in such a fashion as to put everybody in the audience to sleep within ten minutes.

Which brings up my point—it might be a good idea if less emphasis were put on how to be a public speaker and more on how to listen to one. After all, there are more people who listen to speeches than make them (although the tally may be closer than commonly suspected). Now there is no difficulty in listening to an interesting speaker—you can't help yourself—and, accordingly, my discussion will be confined to how to cope with uninteresting speakers.

It should now follow, of course, that the thing to do when confronted with a bore, is *not* to listen to him. And it should follow further that the way to do this is to get your mind off his speech and onto something else. And that's where I've devised my foolproof system. What I get my mind on is the audience around me. As an example, consider the other evening when my wife dragged me to a lecture on modern art by a man named Winthy. Before he had droned out three sentences I spotted him for a dud. And that's where I quickly went into action. I started looking at my fellow sufferers and making speculations.





First I asked myself whether the audience was over-age or under-age, and decided about average. I then pondered whether it was equally divided as to sex, and estimated that the women outnumbered the men by a ratio of 3 to 2. Next I asked myself whether the men seemed to average taller than the women. This was somewhat difficult since everybody was sitting down, but I guessed in the affirmative.

I was beginning to get up a bit of steam now and began to wonder what would happen if there were five women in the audience all over six feet six inches tall. I decided that, in such an event, they could get up a basketball team that could beat the men by twenty points. 'About 53-33," I muttered.

"What?' said my wife Virginia, glancing at me with a mixture of curiosity and exasperation.

'Nothing." I said.

Taking another look, I wondered what percentage of the audience would know when the Battle of Waterloo was fought. I made a rough estimate of five percent and then revised it downward to three after which I found myself wondering whether a majority present would be apt to like octopus steak. I decided in the negative.

"Not this bunch," I mumbled.

"They'd be afraid to take a chance."

'What did you say?" demanded Virginia staring at me again.

'Forget it," I said. Octopus was the first thing that happened to come into my mind, but it set me off on a new trend of thought. Taking a good long look at a rather spindly bespectacled gentleman sitting two rows in front of me, I started wondering what would happen if he were attacked by one. One octopus, I meant.

I pictured him bathing blissfully in some tropical cove unaware of the giant tentacles reaching out toward him. 'Look out!" I warned him.

Apparently I warned a bit too loud, because several other people besides my wife stared at me now. In fact Winthy apparently heard me too because he paused uncertainly for a moment before continuing. I listened for a sentence or two and noted that the interruption hadn't improved either his delivery or what he had to say.

Virginia was now squirming miserably as Winthy droned on and on, but I wasn't squirming. I was having a fine time. What I was doing now was to pair off two people in the audience. I chose a slender woman in a mauve hat and a rather corpulent man sitting near the back of the audience, and started wondering how they would do if pitted against each other in certain contests. The man, I decided, could beat the woman at chess, reciting odd numbers between 1 and 59 backwards, and making shelves. On the other hand I figured the woman could beat the man at ping pong, unsnarling string, and getting prompt service at a restaurant. Next I envisioned them out dancing together, choosing a stately slow waltz first. I soon wearied of this—too dull—and pictured them jitterbugging. The man, I figured, would be pretty clumsy at it, and I saw him stumbling, getting out of time to the music and finally collapsing. I chuckled—to myself, I thought.

This had a curious effect. A number of people around me chuckled too, as often happens when a talk is being delivered. They probably figured I had derived something amusing from Winthy's tedious remarks and they didn't want it to appear that they'd failed to get the point.

Winthy didn't chuckle, however, and neither did my wife. They glared at me. However this didn't bother me in the slightest because I had now embarked on a new train of thought. I was sizing up a number of couples whom I assumed to be married and then assigning them different mates. "Now that fellow across the aisle," I thought "would be much happier if he were hitched up to the blonde sitting four rows behind him. She'd look much better in a bathing suit, and I imagine she's a better cook too. I have a hunch she could whip up a chocolate soufflé that—"

Here my wife nudged me. 'Are you going to sit there all night?" she asked. "Winthy stopped speaking three minutes ago. You're blocking the aisle."

"Okay," I said. "Let's go. Too bad the talk is over. I've been having a swell time."

She lowered her voice. "Are you out of your mind?" she demanded. "That was the dullest talk I ever listened to."

I shrugged my shoulders. "And another thing," I added, "if they were married I'll bet she'd see to it that he wore better-looking ties." ★



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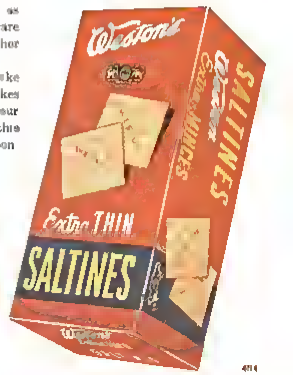


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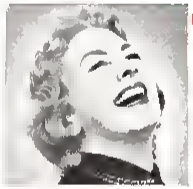
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BEST BET **THE DIVIDED HEART:** A real-life drama about an adopted wartime child whose real mother, a Yugoslav, turns up alive and wants him back from his adoring foster parents, who are Germans. Instead of a maudlin tearjerker, the result is a screenplay of genuine power and sensitivity, with a subtle performance by Yvonne Mitchell as the Yugoslav. A British film.

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK: A one-armed war veteran on a kindly mission meets hostility, brutality and mob frenzy in a desert whistle-stop town. Spencer Tracy and Robert Ryan are the main antagonists in this superior widescreen western.

BATTLE CRY: Some smashing war scenes and an able characterization by Van Heflin as a tough major compensate for a lot of familiar corn in a CinemaScope yarn about the Marines in the Pacific.

LONG JOHN SILVER: An Australian-made sequel to R. L. Stevenson's (and Walt Disney's) Treasure Island, with Robert Newton in robust hammy fettle as Old Peg-Leg. Recommended for children.

MAD ABOUT MEN: A mild British farce about a flirtatious mermaid, with Glynis Johns repeating the fishy-gal role she originated in Miranda (1948). The first one was funnier.

THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE THEM: The Royal Air Force's air-sea rescue service in 1944 is the corporate hero of this earnest but banal British war drama. Good open-sea shots of crash survivors drifting in a rubber dinghy.

THE SILVER CHALICE: Another widescreen semi-Biblical item from Hollywood, no more fatuous than most of them, but a little slower. Canada's Lorne Greene does well in a brief but sonorous role as the Apostle Peter. With Virginia Mayo, Jack Palance.

VERA CRUZ: A western—loud, silly, but cheerfully energetic—in which Gary Cooper and Burt Lancaster are brawling buddies in Mexico in SuperScope, another panoramic process.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Adventures of Hajji Baba: Arabian Nights melodrama. Poor.
Aida: Opera. Excellent.
Athena: Satiric comedy. Fair.

The Barefoot Contessa: Drama. Good.
The Bearbreaker: Comedy. Fair.
The Belles of St. Trinian's: British comedy. Good.
Black Knight: Action. Fair for kids.
Black Widow: Whodunit. Good.
Bob Mathias Story: Athletics. Good.
The Bounty Hunter: Western. Good.
Bridges at Toko-Ri: War. Excellent.
Brigadoon: Fantasy-musical. Fair.
Broken Lance: Western. Excellent.

The Caine Mutiny: Drama. Good.
Carmen Jones: Negro opera. Excellent.
Chance Meeting: Drama. Good.
The Cowboy Girl: Drama. Excellent.

Deep in My Heart: Musical. Fair.
Désirée: Historical drama. Fair.
Drive a Crooked Road: Crime. Good.

The Egyptian: Drama. Fair.

Father Brown, Detective: British crime comedy. Good.

Hansel and Gretel: Puppet fantasy for children. Good.
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.

The Kidnappers: Drama. Excellent.
Knock on Wood: Comedy. Excellent.

The Last Time I Saw Paris: Drama. Fair.
Leave it to Me: Drama. Good.
Little Fugitive: Comedy. Excellent.

The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Man With a Million: Comedy. Good.

On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.

Rear Window: Suspense. Excellent.
Ring of Fear: Circus drama. Fair.
Romeo and Juliet: Drama. Excellent.

Sabrina: Comedy. Excellent.
7 Brides for 7 Brothers: Widescreen musical. Excellent.
The Sleeping Tiger: Drama. Poor.
So This Is Paris: Musical. Fair.
A Star Is Born: Musical. Excellent.
Suddenly: Suspense drama. Good.

There's No Business Like Show Business: Musical. Good.
This Is My Love: Drama. Poor.
Three Hours to Kill: Drama. Fair.
Three Ring Circus: Comedy. Fair.
Tonight's the Night: Comedy. Good.
20,000 Leagues Under the Sea: Marine fantasy-adventure. Good.

The Vanishing Prairie: Walt Disney wildlife feature. Excellent.
The Violent Men: Western. Fair.

Young at Heart: Music-drama. Fair.

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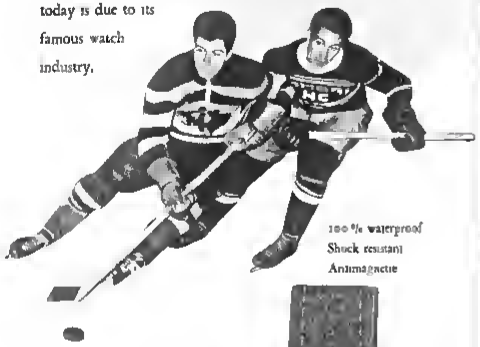
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The Rugged Rebel of the Theatre

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

end of each scene and crawled round after the performance to thank the actors.

"Their reaction was the most exciting experience of my career," Campbell said. "It was like playing to an original Shakespearean audience." It was the first live theatre Moosonee had ever seen.

Timmins was a sellout. In Iroquois Falls the Abitibi Cultural Activities Association was set up specially to sponsor the show. But the audience didn't even clap at the end of the first act in spite of the ministrations of the troupe's house manager, planted at the back to start the applause. Just as in southern Ontario, there seemed no particular pattern to the towns that hailed the play and those that paid little attention.

By the time he arrived in Noranda, Campbell faced his fifty-eighth performance of the tour puzzled but still game. By now the routine was thoroughly familiar. The players swung off the train at four in the afternoon of the performance, in ten-below-zero weather, and Campbell hurried off to inspect his stage in the Noranda Recreation Centre.

The staff at the centre had already pushed the portable boxing ring against one wall of the gymnasium and draped it with bunting. They'd also set up six hundred folding seats on the floor and some wooden benches for students in the gallery. As they worked they speculated about the evening's offering.

"You should have heard the French guy that called this afternoon," one of them was saying. "Wanted to know if he was going to be able to understand what it was all about. I said 'sure.' Incidentally, what is it about?"

The building superintendent explained that it was about Joan of Arc and added dubiously, "The guy that was taking the posters around didn't have a bad idea. He wanted to go out to all the little parishes and tell them there was a saint coming. Then the priest would have *made* them turn out."

He stepped back to survey the bunting tacked along the base of the stage. "Good thing we painted the stage for the Don Cossacks," he said. "I hope we have as good a turnout tonight. We had fifteen hundred last time."

His helper looked dubious in turn. "With singers it doesn't matter what language it is. This is a play."

When Campbell arrived he took over briskly, supervised screening the wings, setting up his six floodlights, and blocking off the ends of the gallery so no one could sneak along and peer down behind the scenes.

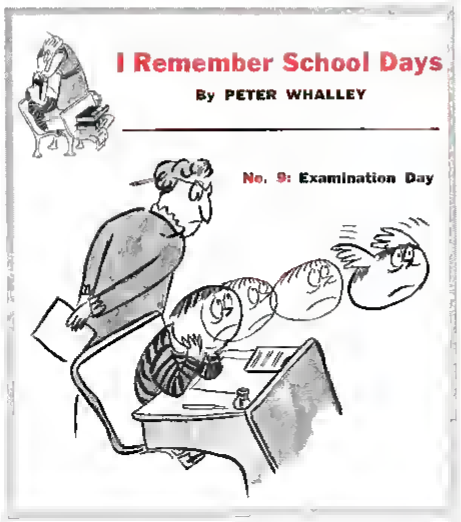
While his stage manager and the recreation centre crew went into a huddle over the problem of masking an overhead spot, Campbell slumped into a folding chair and lit a cigarette.

At 6:15 he knocked off for a whisky and an egg salad sandwich and was back at seven to pet on his make-up and climb into his charcoal suit. The other actors drifted in from their billets.

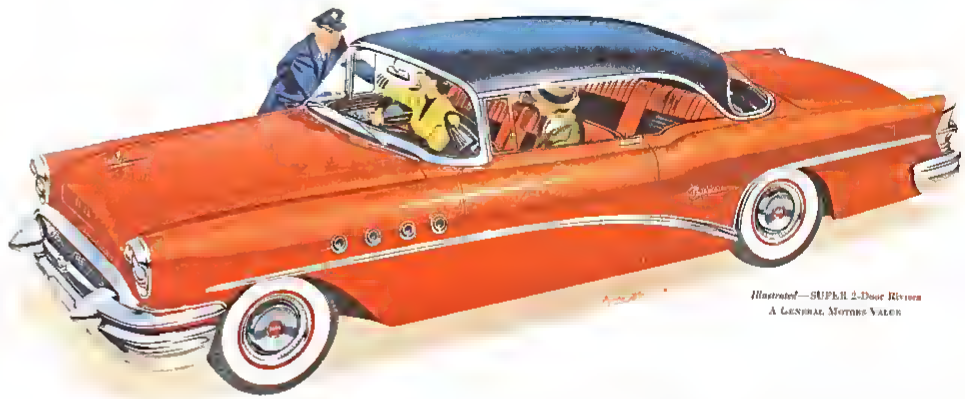
Douse Those Floodlights

By 7:40 it was twenty below outside. Inside, it was about sixty-two—the heat had been turned off because the gymnasium is often too warm during sporting events. Clots of people were beginning to converge on the building, but most of them went on past the gymnasium door to the arena opposite or the curling rink upstairs.

Promptly at 8:15 five actors in grey suits and Ann Casson—Mrs. Campbell in private life—in dark slacks and sweater came out and seated themselves at a deal table at the side of the stage. Campbell, his white shirt open at the throat, crossed left and drew up a bench to a small table. A short, stout, curly-headed actor, Bruno Gerussi, followed and began to cower before him. Campbell waited a moment, then thundered: "No eggs! No eggs! Thousand



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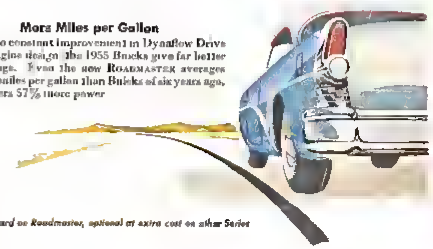


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"Everyone agreed the tour was great, but it cost Campbell his own money"

thunders man, what do you mean by no eggs?'

At the end of the first act, when the floodlights were doused and the house lights came on, applause broke out almost without the house manager's prompting. As the evening progressed the gymnasium got chillier but in spite of sporadic shouts and noise from other parts of the building the audience reaction got warmer.

The ovation at the end was halted only by Campbell announcing 'The Queen.' He began the anthem himself, unaccompanied, and carried it alone until the audience took courage and joined in.

Everyone agreed the show was wonderful and urged Campbell to come back again, in spite of some rather depressing attendance statistics. Of the six hundred seats in the gymnasium, only three hundred had been filled. Three hundred and fifty people had preferred the benefit upstairs and four hundred and fifty had turned out for the midget juvenile hockey games. Late last summer twenty-five hundred people attended Gene Autry's rodeo show.

A less obstinate man than Campbell might justifiably throw in the sponge at this point, especially when it's costing him his own money.

A Breakdown in Traffic

When Campbell and Tom Patterson organized the Canadian Players they managed to scrounge $7,800 for their quixotic project. Patterson, a former magazine editor who first dreamed up the Stratford Festival, is president of the limited company. Campbell's contract called for $125 a week, his players' contracts for $100 a week and the salaries were met while the troupe was actually on the road—except for the last week of the southern Ontario tour. Then all the players dipped into their own pockets for extra expenses.

Only minimum house guarantees undertaken by local service clubs made the northern tour possible. Campbell went into debt and during January Patterson suffered a breakdown brought on by a traffic accident and his own frantic efforts to raise money for the troupe.

Campbell points out that in small centres even a full house couldn't assure their breaking even and suggests bluntly that a revival of the Renaissance patron idea may be necessary if the low flame of Canadian theatre is to be kept alive. But it's typical that the man who abdicated as assured and profitable satrap at the Old Vic in favor of this irregular venture remains practically undaunted. 'We were just learning this time round,' he says. 'We made all sorts of mistakes. Now I know something about Nanaimo for instance. I'd bring along a couple of French Canadian actors next time. Or a whole French Canadian troupe. I hope our experience isn't going to be wasted.'

Some relief came at the end of January when the players divided up five thousand dollars for appearing on Omnibus, the CBS Television Sunday prestige program, in selections from Hamlet. A tour to U. S. border cities followed early in February.

'But I can't start out on another tour unless I stop acting for a while and go to work at something else to raise money,' Campbell said recently.

If he decided to go to work at something else—and he's pig-headed enough to do it—he could make a fair fist of singing, painting, dancing or almost any form of manual labor. He could also teach fencing. These are fields in which he has considerable skill and experience. At two periods in his life he devoted himself to art and turned out a number of exotic daubs that he has since destroyed. In between, he drove a truck and loaded fruit for a living.

He's so expert a dancer that he did the choreography for the court ball in All's Well That Ends Well at Stratford and so fine a swordsman that he was entrusted with arranging the battle scenes for Richard III. He's come to grief with the foils only once, playing Macduff in Glasgow, he encountered a Macbeth of indifferent fencing skill and got slashed across the neck, a mishap that almost dictated a new finale for the play with Macbeth bringing in *Macduff's* head on a pike.

In the meantime these talents are all at the service of his acting, a craft he has so thoroughly mastered that, a



'All I said was, 'It's for you!'"

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THE CANADIAN SALT COMPANY LIMITED

couple of years ago, he even succeeded in fooling a fellow actor. Toronto actor Donald Harron saw him take the part of an American in an Old Vic play and wondered who the Yankee was who'd got the part. It was Campbell, but Harron didn't know him. When Campbell appeared later in the play as an Arab, Harron again didn't recognize him.

More recently he achieved another form of the improbable by getting a laugh in Oedipus Rex, the Greek tragedy produced last summer at Stratford, although his face was covered by a heavy mask. He gave such a sly reading to one line that some members of the audience swore he'd made his mask wink. And he's a tireless perfectionist. He has for example learned the technique of breath control so well that he sang a round (composed for the entrance of the players in the Stratford production of The Taming of the Shrew) two and a half times non-stop full voice in competition with Tyrone Guthrie, the famous director, who managed it only once and a half. "I'll play anything," Campbell once remarked. "If a director cast me as Lady Macbeth I'd play it."

But there is a large slice of the unorthodox in Campbell's talented personality. When a welcoming committee turned out to greet him formally on his arrival at Stratford last year he honored the occasion with canoe moccasins, an open shirt and blue jeans rolled up to reveal plump bare ankles. And those are his memorable first words to a class in make up at the short drama course in Stratford last year. "Of course I don't really believe in make-up," Campbell announced to his students.

Campbell the worker and Campbell the renegade both go back to his childhood days in a working-class district of Glasgow. His mother is a doughty Scots rebel like Campbell himself—a pacifist, vegetarian, spiritualist, theosophist and socialist who has had a powerful influence on her son.

Mrs. Campbell split her time between organizing labor groups and organizing amateur theatricals. She was thoroughly stage-struck, and sent her son to Saturday classes in singing and eurythmics when he was only four. "He was a lovely little dancer," she recalls now with satisfaction. Campbell's memory of this period is somewhat gloomier. "Whenever there was a dreary little boy in a Labour Party play I was it." At fourteen he rebelled against dancing classes.

At seventeen he rebelled against education and took up art and truck driving instead. When World War II broke out he rebelled against war and registered as a conscientious objector. In due course he appeared before a military tribunal in Edinburgh. There he spoke up so bravely that he got an unconditional exemption on the spot.

Seeing a portent in the performance his mother straightway wrote to Tyrone Guthrie, who was directing the Old Vic. "It was the depth of the war," Guthrie recalls, "and we were at our wit's end for actors. We'd have taken anyone. We'd have taken 'em if they'd had two heads—and paid 'em two salaries. One day I got a letter from a lady in Glasgow. She said, 'My son is a Very Artistic Boy of seventeen and a half who is interested in Barefoot Dancing.'"

Campbell hitchhiked down for an interview and presented himself: a bony sinewy youth with a knapsack, a tangled shock of red gold curls that he had grown to a Bohemian length, an impenetrable Scottish accent and a voice Guthrie describes with reminiscent admiration as "beefy."

It was the sinew that got him the job. Guthrie hired him as an assistant stage manager and spear carrier. His first job was with a traveling repertory group headed by Sir Lewis Casson and his wife, Dame Sybil Thorndike, a pair now firmly established as the Royal Family of the Theatre. They were doing one-night stands known in England as "fit-ups." With them was their daughter, Ann Casson.

Fit-ups were Campbell's dramatic school: directors—good and bad—his teachers. The bad ones taught him to use his own wits in interpretation and his ingenuity in production. He once had to improvise sets for a whole play from nothing but some discarded posters on the backs of which he copied Hogarth prints. The good directors taught him technique—"from there! The voice has to come from *there*," Lewis Casson would thunder, thwacking him in the midriff.

Campbell who had such galvanic energy that he could upset the balance of a stage merely by walking on with a spear, soon burned his Scottish accent and graduated to speaking roles. He played everything from Shakespeare to Pirandello, everywhere from the Solent to the Orkneys. The Orkneys trip was a foretaste of this year's tour of northern Ontario. The traveling troupe went from Skerry (island) to Skerry in a hired drifter, and played by hurricane lantern to notably unsophisticated audiences.

They Fought to Marriage

At one outpost where they played in the middle of a clubroom floor near the bar, they had to accommodate their performance to the sorties through the midst of solemn Orcadians bent on recharging their glasses. Between engagements Campbell did melodramas for the BBC and a stint in a variety house singing Victorian ditties. In one fallow period he left the stage to go back to painting but the defection didn't last long.

Campbell scorned the West End because "it's like working in a business office." Instead he stuck to fit-ups and repertory which are only moderately profitable but represent Campbell's professional crusade to bring the theatre to everyone.

In deference to a personal crusade—pacifism—he left the cast of a play that had been invited to tour the continent for a service organization and also turned down a fine part in a war play, The Russians.

In 1947 he married Ann Casson after a tempestuous and sporadic five-year courtship that Campbell now describes as "a Beatrice and Benedick affair—we were always at each other's throats." Ann was an established actress and she and Campbell played in repertory together for several years following their marriage. Ann even appeared in a play as the Virgin Mary a month before the second of their three children was born. The script called for her to reveal herself on a curtained balcony at the back of the stage and once she had been hoisted up to her perch she remained until the end, retiring behind the curtains on each exit and knitting until the next entrance.

Campbell's big break came in 1951 when he was offered the part of Othello in an Old Vic production and from that time until he left for Canada he played star roles with the London and Bristol Old Vic companies.

Guthrie invited Campbell and Michael Bates, another English actor, to come along to the 1953 Stratford Festival as "two jolly good second gentlemen" in case the Canadian actors weren't strong enough to carry the major supporting roles. Campbell scored a personal triumph in both plays that season and, invited back for

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In a Hamilton, Ont., dressing room he prepares to play in Saint Joan.



His wife, Ann Casson, handles the title role in slacks and a sweater.

Campbell's marriage was theatre too



Ann's mother, Dame Sybil Thorndike, was a star in Shaw's plays.



Ann's father, Sir Lewis Casson, was her husband's teacher in repertory.

the second Festival, repeated the triumph with a role in each of the three plays presented.

He had come out the second time prepared to stay for a while and when he compared notes with Tom Patterson, the Festival's director of planning, he found they had the same idea of a travelling repertory company growing out of the Festival that would bring live theatre to Canada's outposts and offer actors year-round employment on the legitimate stage.

Campbell and Patterson recruited the Players from among the Festival's leading actors, added Campbell's wife as their star and, typically took off for an unlikely rehearsal spot. Camp Tiny-Venture in Ontario's Haliburton Highlands. (TinyVenture is a high-class boys' camp ordinarily deserted in September, and Campbell took some kidding when he was assigned to a sleeping cabin named Cobbin's Glen.)

He rehearsed his cast morning and afternoon and pieced out his day with an icy morning plunge, wood chopping, water carrying, rowing his children around the lake, poker and an occasional trip to the nearest village to see a western. After three weeks strenuous work the Players previewed the show for the Haliburton folk and took off for the premiere of the show in Ottawa.

As a director Campbell surprised his company by keeping his temper and managed to create an esprit that has held the troupe together. One of them, Bill Hutt, postponed taking up the $1,500 Tyrone Guthrie award he won last year for further study in the English theatre in recognition of his outstanding work at Stratford.

All the Players have made sacrifices and Campbell, whose sacrifice was as great as any, doesn't quite know what the next step will be. He is scheduled to step into James Mason's breeches in the Stratford revival this summer as Oedipus Rex and to play Cassca in Julius Caesar. He won't commit himself on the subject of staying in Canada permanently.

"An actor," he says, "is acting because he wants to serve the public. But it's a battle, because the public doesn't want to be served." Campbell is not the man to kowtow to the public indefinitely. Last fall in Guelph, when a citizen cornered him to apologize for the city's puny turnout at the play, Campbell told him curtly, "We just won't come back."

And he once told his mother, "If I don't make a go of acting I can always go back and be a laborer." ★



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Sparkling
CANADA DRY WATER

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

back over the years and wonder that our grandfathers and great-grandfathers did not insist that Toronto's waterfront should be saved from the hand of the vandal. Here was a perfect setting for a city hall, an art gallery and even a cathedral.

In fact the Canadian pioneer might have learned from the English example of the Thames which sheds its utilitarian character at London Bridge and then moves gracefully past the Savoy, Somerset House, the Houses of Parliament and on in the upper reaches of Hedley Wintler and other pleasing places.

I must confess, however, that this elegance only applies to the North Bank. To this day the South Bank from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge is a madhouse of architectural chaos, with the ultramodernism of the Festival Hall contributing a final touch of dementia.

Yet, when the sporting tugs and pleasure steamers pass under Westminster Bridge they have the noble sight of the Houses of Parliament with its wondrous Tureen, and the steeples of St. Margaret's and the Abbey just beyond.

It is hard for the pioneer to think far into the future. Supplies had to reach Toronto, and water has always been the cheapest method of transporting goods. Then why in the name of common sense should freight be unloaded from the ships, and then hauled for example to the north of the city and put on the trains?

Elsewhere our forebears were giving considerate thought to the dignity of the city here on the more or less bonny banks of Lake Ontario. When I was in Toronto in January I was a guest of Premier Frost and his cabinet. In fact I had the unusual experience of sitting with the cabinet although I took no part in its deliberations.

Queen's Park retains its old-world dignity, and as an expatriate Canadian I do hope that modernism will not be allowed to lay its vandal hand upon the Victorian statliness of Ontario's Parliament Buildings. Yesterday is the parent of today, and we should honor the past if only to remind our children and grandchildren that Toronto like Rome was not built in a day.

University Avenue, of course, is a highway in search of a roof. It emerges splendidly from Queen's Park with the width and grace of another Champs Elysées, but unhappily does not culminate in an Arc de Triomphe. In fact, it just leaves off as it reaches the conglomeration of Queen Street and its environs. What a pity it could not have originally found its way to the waterfront.

Architecturally of course the buildings on University Avenue have a variety beyond the dream of Mr. Heinz. The sturdy Armories, obviously built to withstand a long siege, gaze across at the Berkeley Square outline of the University Club and the well-ordered precincts of the Military Institute. An ultramodern glass building like a flat breasted female from Mars gleams on the hurrying traffic, and there is a Byzantine that glances sideways at the wench from Mars with a sombre reproach.

Two little rows of houses huddle together like children lost at the fair, and it is said that Mary Pickford was born in one of them. Who owns the houses? Who occupies them? It is really very strange.

Finally there is that massive building owned and operated by MacLean Hunter. There is no nonsense about this pile. It was built for use, not for the edification of the passer-by, and it captures all the daylight there is.

Now for a personal confession. If I ever returned to live in Canada, I would choose Toronto if it would have me. Toronto is more than a city. It is a state of mind. On the surface it is the most American of Canadian cities, but in spirit it is the most British.

Quite rightly Vancouver prides itself on the lovely ease of its setting and its tempo of life that has more in common with England than with the industrialism of central Canada. I know too that Halifax with its old world charm, elects to be the last survival of the gracious days before Canada grew to Dominion status.

Then there is Quebec with its flagrant memories of the French aristocracy and its old world charm. Also there is vigorous and vital Winnipeg, and Calgary with its long legged men and its bright-eyed women. And what of Montreal with bankers all over the place, and sophistication in the very air? Like Ulysses, I hear their siren voices but Toronto is my true love.

Nor shall I repeat the old, old joke that the finest sight in Toronto is the 8.30 p.m. train about to leave for New York.

Toronto is not for everybody. To sever its qualities one must be at heart a puritan. Thus, even in your own club you can drink for six days but on the seventh you must abstain. It is not logical, it is not amusing but to this cocktail era in which we live Toronto is not ashamed to impose official conscience on freedom.

I am told in whispers, that snobbery still exists in Toronto, and that the old families, or what is felt of them, look down their noses on those of lesser antiquity. In fact, Toronto is charged with refusing to acknowledge that all men are equal.

Let us be frank. We are all snobs about something and at any rate there is no such thing as equality. When you can reach a point where all lenses run at exactly the same speed, then you can begin to talk about equality in human beings. We can confer equal civic rights, equal legal rights and even equal education—in fact, that is our duty—but in the end, the influences of heredity, environment and personality will differentiate human beings as long as life lasts. Nor could it be otherwise. Poverty is no disgrace and even ignorance can be forgiven, but mediocrity is unforgivable.

It is written that we are made in the image of God. We speak the language of the Bible and of Shakespeare. We are heirs to the seamen and the pioneers, the adventurers and the martyrs who changed the mountains and the plains and the waterways into a nation.

What Did Pericles Say?

We Canadians need more arrogance. Small in numbers as we are in relation to the mother country and our towering neighbor to the south, we have a future that outleaps the frontiers of imagination. Others see our glory better than ourselves. Every time a British politician visits Canada, he is almost certain to hark me into a corner at Westminster and tell me of the wonders he has seen, and the people he has met.

I was delighted in Toronto to attend the first performance of a musical show based on Stephen Leacock's Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, in other words Orillia. The show had its faults, but it had its merits too. But the chief thing was that here was a Canadian composer and dramatist—Mavor Moore—using the Canadian background for a Canadian show.

It may be that when a Canadian politician speaks he commands the voice and language of great oratory if not he should. This is a great country and its politicians should speak like giants. Any modest pose, by an MP that he is just a good guy like the rest of the boys is monstrous and his pay should be cut.

"Look to your minorities!" thundered Pericles. That was almost at the beginning of recorded time, but he knew that the mob could not lead the mob, and that the welfare of the people depended on the qualities of the few.

Yes, Canada needs more arrogance. The Elizabethan renaissance that is sweeping Britain should find its counterpart in our mighty Dominion. And since Toronto has more arrogance than any other city in Canada, I repeat that it would be my choice if I were to return to my native land.

Now I shall go down to the House of Commons and fuck at Old Men River from the Terrace, gurgling his way to the sea and Toronto will seem far far away. ★

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The Downfall of Porky Proctor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

what time they open around here?"

We told him half-past ten, not without feeling a hint of awe creep into our voices. He glanced at his watch.

"Right on time, what?" he said. "What do you say we stroll in and have one? My bloody engine cut right over the coast—got blew off. I was lucky to spot this jolly little pub with it."

We strolled into the Pelican past the open mouth of Joe Simons, proprietor, licensed to sell beer, wine and spirits for consumption on the premises and the old pilot found a telephone in the corner of the bar strategically placed so that Joe Simons, proprietor, could hear everything that was said over it. After some delay he got through to the owner of the Avro and made his report.

"Fothergill Harbour Yeah. He said I've had to let down. I'm at a pub called the Pelican. Yes. Oh it's not the bananah. Yes, I had to cut it loose. Fraid it's in the drink. Well, no matter, I shall wait here until sent for. Cheerio."

He tossed the receiver into the hook deftly and casually. I later broke two receivers before I perfected the trick—and strolled over to the bar.

"What's wrong with three pints of bittah, chaps?" he asked. "I can see you're in the Service, lucky devils. There's really something unmistakable. Where're you stationed?"

The beer was pulled and we slum-

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mered out answers to his questions, managing to ask a few ourselves, in a respectful way. To a young pilot he was an overwhelming figure. His whole bearing spoke of thousands of hours at the controls, a lifetime well spent in the air. Then, too, he had grown old gracefully. His thirty four years rested lightly on his shoulders and there was a charming modesty in the way he recited his most *outré* adventure.

HIS NAME, he said, was Fothergill-Burbeer—but we were indulged to call him Benjy. He had entered the Royal Air Force about the dawn of history, in 1922, after failing to gain entrance to each of the learned professions in turn, and also after a disastrous period as a junior in a bank. He had done a medium service commission in the RAF—ten years—and had suffered superannuation at 29. But those years had been glorious ones. Egypt, Iraq, Aden and India; a hill climbing trial on motorcycles up the main stairs of a mess; Very pistol duels in anterooms; keeping two sheep penned in the bedroom of an unpopular adjutant while he was on leave; and half a dozen epic yarns about flying around the Mediterranean.

In latter years Benjy had fallen on evil days; he had even worked as a salesman for three weeks. Once he had a job as instructor to a flying club, but this chairman claimed that Benjy was showing too much zeal in giving ground instruction to his wife and Benjy had had to leave. He had flown with an air circus taking people for five-shilling rides, had been an airline pilot to the Isle of Man and had finally descended to towing advertising banners over fairs and bathing beaches.

But, for all of that, Benjy was a grand old pilot, with over seven thousand flying hours in his log books.

We had just finished our lunch of bread and cheese and pickled onions when Benjy asked us who our CO was. We told him.

"No!" he shouted. "I say, you're pulling my leg! Not Proctor. My God, old Porky Proctor a squadron leader! I can't believe it."

"No, not a squadron leader," Reggie said. "He's a bloody great wing commander."

Benjy moaned. "Not Porky! But of course—he had influence. Otherwise he'd never have passed the exam for a permanent commission. I *know* that, because he was copying off old Warner Gould's paper, and W. G. finished out of the money, whereas Porky got a non-specialist PC out of it. I copied off Warner Gould's papers myself—he was a regular brain box, he's a test pilot with Hawker now—and I only got thirty marks. So you can see there was something fishy about the whole business."

We agreed that indeed there was, and were convinced that Proctor's wife was related to the examining officer.

"Tell me about old Porky," Benjy demanded. "What sort of a CO is he? I'll bet he's a stickler!"

We glanced at each other briefly. After all, Proctor *was* our CO, and whatever we said about him at home was one thing, but talking outside the family circle was quite another.

"Plenty of guts, bit of a martinet," was as far as I would go, and I saw Benjy stiffen. I caught a pained look. He understood. He wasn't really in the family any longer. He was almost one with those quaint old gentlemen in their forties who sometimes stopped us to tell us about their flying days in Sopwith Camels and asked us what sort of bus we flew. We ordered more beer, and somehow Benjy's acceptance of our reticence made it all right to open out a little more.

"Proctor is a little stiff on dress regulations and all that," Reggie said. "When we went to armament camp we were told that we wouldn't have to dress for dinner but old Progs added, 'However, I hope all my officers will pack a boiled shirt and a dinner jacket in their luggage—just so we can "eat clean" once in a while.' Dinner jackets at an armament camp—like wearing a white tie at a cocktail feed."

"It sounds like Porky," Benjy said. "The little brute has a simply *morbid* knowledge of KR. He was our adjutant Leicester some years ago when he did something to me that I can never forget. He really blighted my life in a sense. I went on leave to the Channel Islands. Five hours on the train all night on the boat. I found my way to the beach, a bit tuckered out after the journey, and I thought I was in rugby paradise. Popsies glamorous popsies of all shapes and sizes, all over the beach, and hardly a man under eighty on the island. A redhead lovely thing, aged ever since and opened conversation right away. She was staying at my hotel with a oeaf cent who went to bed every night at nine. Golly! At which precise moment I saw the old bloke from the hotel—the porter you know—tiptoeing across the sand so as not to get any in his patent leather shoes. 'Mr Fothergill Burbeer,' he says 'there's a telegram for you, and it says OHMS so I thought it was important.' It was. I'll give you three guesses what it said."

"Return this unit immediately," I suggested.

"Go it in one," Benjy said. "That little blighter Proctor had recalled me. So I returned to the pub packed and pecked off on the next packet. I arrived at the station at 5 a.m., and I went to see Porky sharp at 9, wanting to know where war had broken out.

"Oh what cheer, Benjy," he said. Did you know you'd forgotten to sign the flight flying return before you went on leave, and what's more you didn't turn in your parachute?

"I was struck dumb. I couldn't believe it. Some paralyzing force kept me from murdering the little beast on the spot, and before I could go back on leave they heaped me off on a parachute course. For all I know that reshead may have died from utter frustration."

While we were ruminating on this ancient crime there was a scuffling noise at the door, and some sweating local youths appeared dragging a heavy wet object behind them.

"I say," Benjy said. "These excellent chaps have rescued my banner from the deep. Good oh, chaps, you must all have one on the firm."

We all had more than one. We sang, and Mr. Simons forgot about the afternoon closing time, except that he shut and locked the front door. In the end we dragged Benjy's Codomait banner out to a bet by the green, where the village cricket nets were stored, then helped Benjy put tarpaulins over the little Avro before we departed. We also invited Benjy to dinner at the mess for the following evening—it was to be a guest night, one of those occasions which end up in games of jousting hurdle racing over the furniture and songs ranging from the troopship leaving Bombay to the good ship Venus.

Benjy was greatly moved by our invitation, there was a catch in his voice as he accepted. He would, he said, have his dinner jacket and what not sent up in the truck that came to collect the Avro, and he would stop overnight at the Pelican. A night in the mess would be, for him, like a return visit to paradise.

WE WERE late getting back to the station, and we walked right into a hive buzzing with rumor. There was to be an exercise, a highly secret affair involving all the aircraft of our squadron. George Jamieson, one of the S Flight pilots, took Reggie and me on one side to fill us in.

"We take off at 1430 hours!" he said. "That is, the *first* aircraft is off at 1430, and the others follow at intervals of *exactly* five minutes. So we set course five minutes apart, and fly up to Greenwich, turning over the Royal Observatory.

"And at this point in the proceedings," George continued, "old Sid Hughes asks what the longitude of Greenwich is. So Proctor has him in afterwards and appoints him to inspect the surname night-flying breakfasts for the next month."

"Poor old Sid," I said. "But what were these proceedings, anyway? When did all this happen?"

"Why, at the meeting, of course. Where did you chaps get to, anyway? The Wingco sent a notice round to everybody this morning, all crews to meet at 1400 hours in the B Flight crew room. You chaps had left the mess—my God they were planning all over to try and get you."

"We were supposed to have the day off," I said, "you know that, it was no DROs. They can't lay a finger on us."

"No?" George said. "Proctor's only remark was that certain officers showed an unholy haste to get away from the squadron at every opportunity. But anyway, that's neither here nor there. The fact is, old boy, we're all going to aviate tomorrow, and no one knows what it is all about."

"Well, go ahead and tell us," I demanded.

"Right," Jamieson said. "We turn at Greenwich and fly to Leatherhead, in Surrey. Then we turn for Edgware, in Middlesex. There's a map reference there that's our turning point. From there we go east to Romford, and then back to Greenwich. Simple, eh? Then—now here's the funny part—we go round the same course twice more. Right round London three times. And we don't *do* anything. We don't drop any practice bombs, we don't take any pictures, we don't make any runs over the camera obscura. But what we have to do is fly absolutely straight on all those courses—we mustn't be off track at any point, we must turn directly over our turning points, and we must maintain our five-minute intervals. It's weird, old boy, absolutely uncanny."

Everywhere we looked there were little knots of officers discussing the exercise, each knot working on a different theory or rumor. One popular theory was that Count Ciano and Herr von Ribbentrop were visiting the Greenwich Observatory, and the government wanted to impress them by having a never-ending stream of bombers flying overhead. Another theory was that the C in C Bomber Command had a bet with some army wallah about how accurately his aircraft could fly. Someone else said it was for training aircraft spotters, while still another man had a wild idea that they were testing a new device—some radio gadget that could shoot radio waves into the air and make them bounce back off aircraft, so that you could predict the approach of enemy planes, even in cloud. This excursion into the realm of science fiction was very properly laughed to scorn.

"I'm not at all satisfied with any explanation I've heard yet," Reggie said. "Who's leading us? Wing Commander Proctor in person?"

"No," Peter Creevy, our squadron adjutant told us. "Progs won't even be here tomorrow. Squadron Leader Reardon will lead the attack."

"Oh indeed?" Reggie said. "Progs wouldn't invent something like this just to amuse us while he's away. No, no, my friend. In Proctor's little egocentric universe, nothing exists except in relation to himself. There's more in this than meets the eye. Where is our good commanding officer going tomorrow, anyway?"

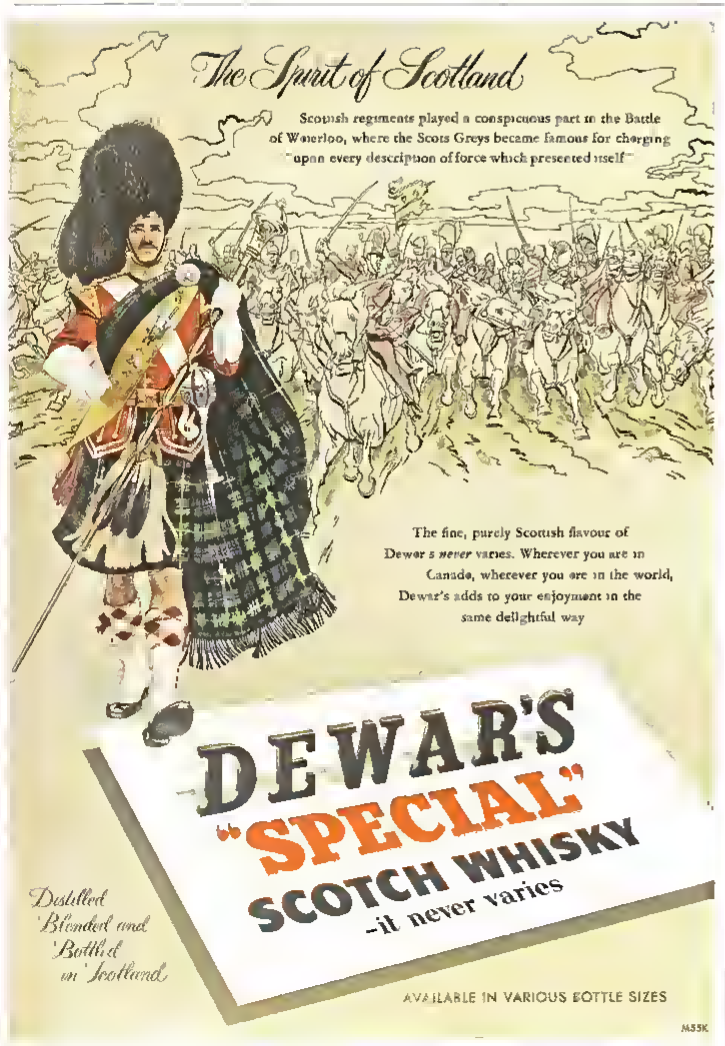
"I don't know," the adjutant lied. "Except that he is flying up to Hendon in the morning with the PA to the AOC."

"Indeed and indeed!" Reggie said. "And with hordes of hungry pilots looking for flying hours around here, why does Progs have to be flown by the Air Officer Commanding's own personal assistant?"

"Don't ask me," the adjutant said. "But any foul—even you—can guess that it must be some pretty high level stuff. Now don't try to pump me any more because you jolly well won't get anywhere. By the way, did you know that Progs wishes to see you two gentlemen at nine? He will deal with you before he goes."

Oh oh! I said, as Creevy walked away. "Our liberty is about to be curtailed. What do you make of it?"

"High level stuff," Reggie said. "High level stuff was the expression



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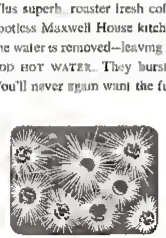
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used. The question is, how high? Bomber Command? They wouldn't go to Hendon if it was Bomber Command. Air Ministry? I somehow doubt it. Dammit, I *must* know."

ON THE following morning Reggie and I, after twenty minutes' heel-cooling were admitted into Wing Commander Proctor's office. He wished us a good morning.

Then he noted that on the previous day we could not be found when we were wanted. Oh, of course he knew that we had the day off, however most of the officers had stayed around the station, either playing in or watching the squadron sports, but he had no wish to compel anyone to do so. However, this desire to get up early after night flying and disappear somewhere not only showed a lack of interest in the squadron but had also caused trouble for Wing Commander Proctor. Naturally there could be no question of punishment because (a) there had been no offense and (b) it was not in the powers of a commanding officer to punish one of his officers. So indeed. So when he asked us to take on, jointly, the duties of orderly officer for the next three weeks ends, we would understand that it was only an attempt to familiarize us with service customs to a greater extent, and perhaps to increase our keenness for voluntary participation in squadron affairs. There being nothing further to say—no objection, of course!—he bade us good morning once more and glanced out the window at the Westland Wallace which had just landed and was taxiing over to the watch office. It was, we knew, the AOC's plane which had come to fly our CO to Heudeu for some purpose that remained hidden from our eyes.

We saluted smartly, about turned, and marched out.

Three weeks ends—in summer.

"A more humane Mikado never did in Japan exist," Reggie said. "Did you see the cold sadistic gleam in his eye? He enjoyed that, Hunk-old chap. I've got to know where Peggie is going. This is now a matter of personal pride."

We told the boys about our unjust sentence which caused much joy. "Now we won't have a sweepstake for three weeks," somebody said happily. Usually we put half a crown each in a pool, then drew lots; the loser took all the money and also became orderly officer for the week end. Unless he was appointed orderly officer for disciplinary reasons, he could then bribe some unsuspecting brother officer to take on the job by giving him the money from the pool.

"Sympathetic lot of brutes, aren't you?" Reggie said. "I say, has anybody plotted out the courses for this afternoon's festivities? Oh, thanks, Harper—not very neat, but at least you can tell where we're going."

Reggie took the map which Harper held out to him and studied it intently for some minutes.

"What's the matter, Crushem? Afraid you'll get lost in the smoke?" somebody said.

"No old boy, this is an anthropological study of the species *precterus egregious*, or three-striped nuisance. Hold on—what's that? Lowry, if you've finished the Daily Telegraph crossword can I see it for a minute?"

"Take it," Lowry said. "It's a real stinker today."

Reggie lounged back in an armchair and opened the paper to the Court Circular, which he read with minute care.

"I knew it!" he said triumphantly, but once again refused to explain himself, even when he was down on the floor and subjected to the Indian rope burn. Later, however, he took us on one side.









"Good God, Hunk," he said. "I've run onto something really big. Have look—see? On the run from Leatherhead to Edgware we run straight along the Thames where it turns north. Now look—see?—we pass right over Hampton Court. Right? Now look at the Court Circular. Royal Garden Party at Hampton Court Palace. What could be simpler?"

"I don't get it," I said.

"Oh, you are a dull clod," Reggie said. "Here's the answer. Proctor is invited to a royal garden party at Hampton Court. So he'll be strutting around in uniform among all the beautiful ladies and gentlemen talking about My squadron and My officers and My Aunt Fanny's abscess all afternoon until it'd make you sick. So just to give him a better unintentional gambit, he sends us out on affair the other to fly over the party. Every time he's talking to some dumbbell we run glorious up and remark 'Oh, by the by, that's one of my aircraft now.' What a stroke, he'll have to break up and shake hands with the hostess. He can wait till one of the kids goes over, then turn it so he's talking to HM exactly five minutes later so he can shout the same line to *her*. It's the biggest line-shoot in the history of the service. I'm not even sure it's legal."

"Okay," I said, "where does this get us to? We can't very well drop a practice bomb on him."

"No" Reggie said. "No indeed. We could drop propaganda leaflets the way they did in Spain though. *Proctor is a big stinker! No fee for Proctor!*"

It was nice, though," I said and left him deep in meditation while I went to check up on my aircraft.

When I returned to the hangar Reggie had disappeared. Nobody knew where he had gone.

"He came bursting in," Harper said, "crowing like a rooster and started phoning. Then he harnessed my car and drove off. He didn't go out past the guard room, he drove down that lane by the bomb dump where you can get out to the coast road through the hole in the fence. If he forgets to come back for this trip he won't just end up as orderly officer—he'll be blown from the muzzle of Browning."

I WAS puzzled although I suppose I should have twigged it right away. However, I had other things to think of. I noticed by the flight authorization book that Reggie was the last to take off immediately following me, so I was quite relieved when I saw his aircraft turn to follow mine when I was taxiing out for the start of the exercise.

The trip was a very simple one, a scandalous waste of fuel for the small amount of training it afforded in fact. Nevertheless it was fun. It was a glorious June day, just like the previous one, except that there were some fluffy strato cumulus cloud, about 1,500 feet, like tufts of frosting on a lemon meringue pie. I found my way to Greenwich turned and went round the circuit twice as arranged.

On the third run however things were different. The unforeseen occurred. The clouds had dropped a little lower and I had hutted through one or two of them, being in and out in fifteen or twenty seconds each time. But just as I reached Greenwich I pushed into another which was quite a different matter. First of all it was turbulent in there, black and turbulent. We were buffeted about like a bad-mannered bird and I saw ice forming quite heavily on the wings. Next the air speed indicator froze over, because in those days nobody had thought of putting an electric heater on it.

I was just turning onto my course



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for Leatherhead and what with the buffeting and all I guess I must have got off it by a fairly good piece. Anyway when I came out of the cloud I found I was south of Leatherhead, so I turned and put on more boost in order to get back in line.

That was when I saw Reggie.

He had passed me, because he had flown under the cloud. He was flying quite low and even as I watched I saw something fall from his aircraft and stream out behind. I was mystified and I watched entranced, until with holy joy I realized the truth. The thing that had fallen out was a banner, and on the banner there was one simple word: CODOMALT.

Bunjy's banner! I said, in awe, and all became clear in a twinkling.

I followed Reggie up that stretch of the Thames, descending rapidly to gain speed, and as we went I watched the ancient palace of Hampton Court come into view, with its green lawns and barbered hedges. On the lawns were many people, women in summery dresses appearing to predominate. I passed over quite low, just behind and above Reggie, and I saw the faces of the garden party guests turned upward to watch us. Then we were past, and some unseen power began to drag the banner back into the machine.

I landed just after Reggie, and taxied onto the tarmac before he had climbed out. Instantly a car drove to the door of Reggie's aircraft. I went over to investigate.

I found Reggie and Bunjy Fothergill-Barbour, the old pilot dragging the Codomalt banner out of the door.

"Lend a hand, chaps," Reggie said. "We've got to get rid of the evidence before the arrival of the assistant provost marshal. Gosh, Hunk, it was terrific. As soon as I told him about it, Bunjy insisted on coming along as an unarmed passenger. I taxied over to the hangar and picked him up furtively. He even brought his dinner clothes along in a suitcase."

"What are you going to do with his banner?" I asked.

"Corporal Powell's going to drive it to the Pelican," he said. "This was all arranged in advance. Talk about staff work!"

"Oh sure," I said, "but then what are you going to do after your court-martial?"

"Sell encyclopedias," Reggie said. "Only there won't be a court-martial. Don't you see? Procter's hands are tied. Can't you imagine me asking him to explain to the court just why we were flying over Hampton Court Palace? What precisely, was the nature of the exercise? So he has to explain that it was just a huge line-shoot—unauthorized—to impress the Queen Mother. It would ruin him. It's not only a damn poor show, wasting petrol like that, it's also damn bad manners disturbing a royal garden party. Just imagine if some character from the tank corps came busting in with a bloody great tank."

When the incriminating banner was disposed of, we headed for the mess for tea.

Bunjy was indispensable. Reggie explained. "We had the devil's own job getting the banner to fly. First we tried swinging the rear turret to one side and crowding it out, but that was no good. So then Bunjy got the idea of opening the under-hatch and tying the banner to the light series bomb carrier—we had already been twice around the circuit before we hit on the scheme. It was also his idea to haul the thing back in by means of the bomb winch. Without his help this beautiful scheme might never have borne fruit."

THE GUEST night that evening was one of the most joyous we had ever experienced. The story had spread, and Reggie was a universal hero. He was christened "the lad who bore midst snow and ice the banner with the strange device—CODOMALT!" and was forced to recite Longfellow's poem (with variations) from a table in the anteroom. The parlor games in the mess were a trifle rougher than usual, causing one fractured collarbone and numerous contusions and abrasions. Somebody brought in a motor bike so that Bunjy could demonstrate his hill-climbing prowess on the stairs, and somebody else demonstrated a trapeze act on the main chandelier.

In the middle of it all some visitors arrived from Group Headquarters including Hoskin, the personal assistant to the Air Officer Commanding, who had flown Wing Commander Procter to Hendon that morning.

"Somebody," Hoskin told us, "is going to be for the high jump. I flew your good CO back to Group, where we had a late dinner and then we drove him up here. We wanted to get in on your festivities, but Wing Commander Procter retired straight to his married quarters. His rage surpassed all measure. In the morning he is going to find the pilot of XF and devour him in small pieces."

"Why, what happened?" somebody asked.

"As if you chaps aren't all criminally implicated in it," Hoskin said. "However, you're entitled to know. I accompanied Procter today to a royal garden party. I believe he likes that sort of thing because he was gay and debonair the whole time. Dashing you might say. He said he was frightfully sorry to miss the hush-hush exercise you blokes were doing, but after all, an invitation from royalty is a command."

"What hush-hush exercise?" I demanded.

"Why dummit, weren't you on it?" Hoskin said. "You were supposed to be testing some hush-hush aircraft-spotting device. Some scientific johnny at Cambridge is supposed to have invented it. Probably a complete dep, but it's supposed to be able to spot aircraft in clouds or at night. Better than sound location they claim, though. They had one installed at some secret location, and you chaps were given a course to fly over it."

"Oh," I said. "Somebody might have made a mistake."

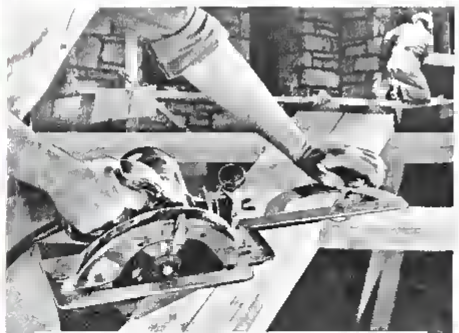
"Everybody it seems," Hoskin said. "Because every bloody aircraft went bang over Hampton Court Palace every time round. Frightful nuisance. Procter couldn't understand it. He said somebody must have been using the wrong map reference on the third leg of the trip."

"Guess who?" Reggie said.

"Well—maybe I could," Hoskin went on, "on the principle of cui bono? Because all afternoon Procter was saying to people, 'I say, I believe that's one of my aircraft now.' He even said it to Her Majesty—but I'll bet he wished he hadn't. As he was about to shake hands with her, she said, 'Ah, and what type of squadron do you command, Wing Commander?' He told her it was a Harrow bomber squadron, and then did his usual nut. 'I believe that is one of my aircraft overhead now, Ma'am.' I wish you could have seen it. Her Majesty glanced up with great dignity and watched for some seconds.

"Then she said, 'Indeed! And does your squadron advertise any other product besides Codomalt?'

"So Procter looked up. First he turned puce, then graveworm white, and finally he clicked his heels, bowed,



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and soared on But he made certain he got the letters of the aircraft. He said that the pilot responsible would be for the very highest rung of the high jump if not the pole vault."

Thereafter the hilarity knew no bounds. Bunny Fothergill Barbour, the ancient one who had returned from Valhalla, pronounced it the greatest peacetime feat, bar none, in the history of the service. Voices were raised to lusty songs, including the one about an unusually lively ball in Scotland at a place called Kirrumuir. And so it was, until far into the night.

BUT IN THE morning there was a cold dyspeptic feeling of wrath to come. Nevertheless Reggie was a marvel of calmness in the face of impending doom. I was not altogether idle. I went up to the squadron orderly room and did some research, I talked to the adjutant, and I paid a visit to the squadron navigation officer.

Just on 1 returned, the summons arrived for Reggie.

"Farewell, Reggie," I said. "But one last word: they won't talk, but I'm virtually certain that map reference was altered when the orders for the trip were passed to us. In other words, Procter changed the last leg of that trip so he could show off at the garden party."

"Thank you," Reggie said, "though alas, it's a hope."

He was gone for an hour and ten minutes, and he returned pale, but still master of the situation.

"Thus," he said, "as good-by Procter has had the last word—but we scored a smashing moral victory."

"All right, but you have it, young Excelsior, someone demanded.

"Right," Reggie said. "First I cooled my heels for twenty minutes. Then I was ushered in, and I noted that he was in a cold controlled fury. But he didn't have his cap on, so I wasn't under arrest properly speaking. So he informed me that his squadron had, only the day before, been entrusted with a mission of the utmost secrecy and importance. It was indeed, a high compliment to the squadron that the job had come to us at all. He was therefore appalled to learn that during his absence, necessitated by the royal command—nothing less could have dragged him from his squadron at such a time—one of his officers had seen fit to indulge in a practical joke in the worst possible taste. My conduct was certainly, he said, to the prejudice of good order and air force discipline, and it might well be deemed unworthy of an officer and gentlemen.

"At this point I cut in to ask, very politely, if I were charged with any offense. He disregarded the interruption and went on to say that this jape or jest, or worse had blackened the name of the squadron, if not of the very Service itself. The public, the vulgar public might well believe that our aircraft were being hired out to advertisers. And the *educated* public were even now regarding us with well bred amusement. To his certain knowledge no junior officer had ever put up a blacker show since the formation of the Royal Air Force.

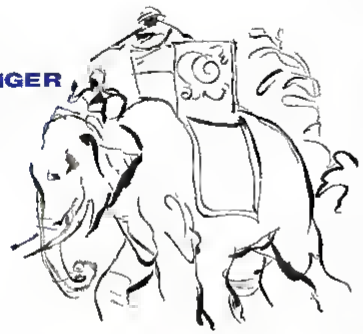
"So I interrupted once more. I said: Sir, am I charged with any offense?" and he gave me a look that would turn your bile sour. No, he said, there would be no charge. Richly merited as the extremest penalties might be, there was still the Service to consider. A court-martial on such a charge would get into the gutter press, and would most certainly be exploited there for its comic and farcical aspects. He could not inflict this on the Service, and so he had chosen a different course. Since I had shown an aptitude for towing banners he had arranged that I should henceforth tow them—or rather tow targets; for the rest of my natural life. I was posted forthwith, he said, to darkest Scotland, to Kircudbrightshire in fact, to tow drogues at the armament camp until death shall bring a happy release. Oh well it might have been the armoured-car company at Hurn.

"Target towing," I said. "Reggie if you worded your appeal properly, you might get him to redress it to penal servitude."

"Don't worry," he replied lightly. "I shall send you all rude post cards from Scotland, where I shall try to grow old and mellow in a graceful manner. Unless, of course, this Goering chap and his boss Hitler see fit to restrain me to useful employment in a squadron once more—even, in fact, as the commander of one." ★

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The Year It Didn't Rain

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

years began in 1929. For nine years there was always some area of the west that had a crop failure. The really bad dust storms began in the spring of 1930. Hot dry winds tore the topsoil from newly planted fields and cut off the grain sheets as they poked their heads above ground. Each year the dust storms were worse because each year the topsoil became looser and finer. I've even seen dust rising from a cultivated field while it was raining.

There was, of course, some rain in the spring of 1937, but not much. Records for the vital crop months of April, May, June and July show totals such as 3.78 inches at Indian Head and 3.26 inches at Saskatoon. At Ellerbrun in the southwest corner of Saskatchewan there was only 2.03 inches of rain. The all time average for these four months runs between seven and ten inches for different localities.

Many regions didn't get a decent rain all summer. Alex Weir of Aberdeen describes how it was in his district. 'Evening after evening we'd stand out in the yard and watch those dirty black clouds pile up in the east and each night we'd think we were in for a storm. But they couldn't seem to let the water go. A few muddy drops maybe—not enough to lay the dust—and then they'd be gone.' They wouldn't see another cloud for weeks.

Farmers watched helplessly while the caragana hedges and Manitoba maple trees they'd nursed through years of drought finally withered and died. Garden vegetables came up a couple of inches and just stayed there until the grasshoppers got them. Over the whole countryside a wan patchwork of greys and browns replaced the spring green.

Ducks Starving in the Dust

Cisterns and wells went dry. At Vonda, Sask., we had eight pails of water at five cents a pail delivered at the door once a week and we had to make that do.

Sloughs and lakes that had always held water dried up. Edward Evans of Regina tells of walking across the bottom of nearby Buffalo Lake which normally contains enough water to supply Regina. Twenty-mile-long Johnstone Lake, southeast of Moose Jaw, dwindled to a weedy slough.

Ducks that built their nests in the reedy edges of sloughs found them buried by drifting dust. Thousands of wild fowl starved or choked to death in the blinding dust storms. High school teachers told tales about frogs that were eight years old and had never seen water.

There is a story around Weyburn about an old farmer who, hearing a spatter of rain on the roof one night, wakened his grandchildren and rushed outdoors with them. He explained to a stranger, 'Well, I've seen rain before but these young ones never have.' Babies over a year old actually cried with fear at their first sight of rain.

But the worst was to come. The drought brought two other plagues that thrive on hot dry weather—grasshoppers and Russian thistle.

Grasshopper plagues build up from year to year. In the fall each female deposits a pod containing thirty or more eggs in the soft earth. If the next spring is warm and dry one pod in the square foot produces about three million grasshoppers to the acre.

The plague had been building up since 1931. By 1937 billions of hungry hoppers covered the wheat country. The little black, quarter-inch long grasshopper nymphs hatched out in May and began gobbling up grain and grass and vegetables as soon as they appeared. As the green stuff grew so did the grasshoppers. They devoured the wheat at every stage. Adult grasshoppers chewed through the stems of ripening wheat just below the head, leaving whole fields full of headless, worthless stalks.

Grasshoppers were everywhere. When you walked through the back yard they flew up in clouds. They flew through open doors and through the windows of cars. They spoiled the meat and eggs of turkeys and chickens who ate them by the thousands. On the highway between Saskatoon and Regina grasshoppers stopped traffic by clogging the radiators of cars. A housewife at Kindersley pulled to a line of clothes to find rayon goods chewed to shreds.

Farmers made all kinds of devices to control them. One was a metal shield attached to a tractor. As the tractor went through the field the hoppers flew up, struck the shield and fell into a trough filled with kerosene. Another was a huge vacuum cleaner to suck the hoppers off the field like pulling wheat off a rug. One farmer a communist on these divisive wars: 'We might as well have gone out with fly swatters.'

Russian thistle, a branching weed resembling tumbling mustard when ripe, thrived on the last dry ground. It shot up ahead of the wheat and covered fields like a carpet. Before he could put a plow to his field in the spring one farmer at Eyre, Ernie French had to go over it with a rake, drag the thistle in piles and burn it.

In the fall winds broke off the thistle



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Why don't you plan a trip to visit Britain this year, while there's still a little time to enjoy a leisurely sea voyage? For details, consult your local travel office or write for literature and full information to:

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90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

stocks and sent them rolling across fields, scattering seeds as they went. They piled up against fences ten feet deep and broke them down.

Drought, wind, grasshoppers and thistle combined to produce in 1937 the worst crop Indians the west has ever seen. A Chinese restaurant proprietor in Fillmore summed it up when he said, "No crop, no garden, no oats, no feed, nothing of everything!"

John Goodair sowed 1,000 bushels of wheat on 1,000 acres northeast of Saskatoon and harvested 500 bushels. That fall he had to haul wheat straw from Melfort a hundred miles away, where they had some crop, to keep his cattle from starving.

Yet Goodair's crop was better than most. More than half the farmers in Saskatchewan never dug a vegetable or threshed a bushel of grain. The average yield for the province, including a fair crop in a small corner around Prince Albert, was 2.6 bushels to the acre, an all-time low. The long time average is 15 bushels to the acre. Although the average price to the farmer had risen to $4.05 per bushel the total Saskatchewan wheat crop in 1937 was worth an estimated $34 millions as compared with $354 millions in 1952, when the price per bushel was about $1.80.

Never had prairie folk been so poor. After nine years of poor crops and poor prices (35 cents per bushel at the lowest point) their reserves were gone. Buildings became ungalvoted wrecks with broken windows. Machinery was worn out. Even gasoline was a luxury. Many farmers substituted distillate, a low grade fuel that produced more odor than power and was nicknamed "skunk oil."

They Save People from Dying

Most farmers gave up their cars. Rube Ballard, of the Allan Hills district, put his Chevrolet on blocks and made the twelve-mile trips to town with a team and wagon. Others removed the engines from their cars and hitched a team of horses on the front. This contraption was called a Bennett buggy after the man who was unfortunate enough to be prime minister during the early Thirties.

In some municipalities as high as ninety percent of the residents were on relief. As Dromont LeFage, municipal secretary in Vonda, put it, "Our job used to be collecting taxes. Now it's giving out seed grain, equipment and food." Banks refused to lend a cent with land as security. The average debt of Saskatchewan ran to fifteen dollars an acre.

There wasn't enough to eat. A University of Saskatchewan professor, who had seen famine conditions in India, recognized the pattern. "It happens just like this. Nothing grows and the people starve. Only our better transportation and organization here prevents actual death from hunger," he said.

Hundreds of carloads of cheese, apples, fish and vegetables arrived from other provinces. Farmers with Bennett buggies, townspeople with wheelbarrows and children's wagons lined up at the railway sidings to get their share.

Some people claimed that the worst hardship was the dried, salted codfish from the Maritimes. It wasn't the codfish Maritimers eat but the kind sold to the tropical trade. It came in grey, salt-encrusted slabs hard enough to knock a man down. You could soak it for days, boil it, fry it, bake it, do what you liked with it but it still tasted like a wet catcher's mitt.

Cash was scarce. Children suffered from diseased tonsils and teeth and

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often couldn't attend school because they didn't have clothes. Farmers wrapped gunnysacks around their feet in winter because they couldn't afford overshoes.

The Red Cross and other welfare organizations distributed hundreds of carloads of free clothing which the railways carried free or for half the usual freight. Many doctors didn't bother to send out bills. Dr. J. Scratch of Meyronne, Sask., a tough little man who looked after the people in three villages and the farms in between, commented with a shrug, "I pull their teeth and lance their boils and deliver their babies. They pay me what they can—a chicken here, a ham there."

Many schools closed because there wasn't enough tax money to buy coal. Instead of pay, teachers received promissory notes, mostly worthless. In one municipality all the teachers except four were on relief. "It's the only case I knew of," the secretary stated, "of salaried people receiving direct relief."

Boys finishing high school were hard hit. No crops meant no money for further schooling, no work on the farms, no jobs. They played a little baseball in summer, a little hockey in winter and spent the rest of the time shooting jolly pool or playing rap rummy in the Chinese restaurant.

Thousands left for greener pastures such as Vancouver or the mining town of Flin Flon, Man., from which there came vague rumors of jobs. They hitchhiked rides on the freights, bummed their meals, slept in sheds or hobo jungles and were constantly harassed by the police. But there were no jobs and in a few months most returned to poolrooms and rap-rummy games.

Even sadder was the effect on farmers who had come to the prairies twenty-five or thirty years earlier and through bad years and good had gradually built up farms with big white houses and red barns. Through the years they'd usually been in debt to the banks and machine companies but there was always some kind of a crop and some cash money.

The prairies have always been a "next year" country. "Next year we'll have a crop," is the farmers' creed. "Then we'll paint the house, buy a washing machine and maybe trade in the tractor." Since 1929 this optimistic dream had held on through drought, grasshoppers, rust (a fungus stem growth that greatly reduces yields) and dust. But gradually the drought had broken their spirits.

"The land is finished," they bitterly avowed. "The top-soil is all in the ditches. It will never grow crops again. Let's give it back to the Indians."

Jack and Ada McIntyre, who farmed near Dundurn, gathered together what cash they could, loaded as much furniture as would go into a hayrack, dragged a plow along behind and walked 150 miles north to the Prince Albert area where there was always some crop. Eighteen-year-old Woody McIntyre walked behind driving a cow while the five McIntyre girls rode on the hayrack or walked. They camped in school yards and when they reached their destination began all over again in a log cabin.

Thousands of farmers from the Regina plains and other southern regions followed suit. Some left eight-and-ten room houses they had worked and saved for years to build. They just locked the doors and left. Gradually the windows were broken and the dirty wind whined through empty halls. It piled dust high on polished furniture. The gophers and mice and grasshoppers inherited the dreams of the pioneer.

In the north country displaced farmers found it tough going. First they had to clear off the poplar and evergreen brush and yank out the stumps. Then much of the grey black bush soil was unsuitable for wheat.

The Next Year It Rained

But some fell into an unexpected bonanza. The same soil produced the cleanest and hardiest alfalfa seed on the continent, and there was a booming market for alfalfa seed in the U.S. In 1937 some farmers harvested as much as 600 pounds to the acre and sold it for 26 cents a pound. A man with 50 acres of alfalfa took in $7,800, more cash money than he'd seen since 1929.

Other farmers left Saskatchewan for good. With transportation costs provided by the government they went to other provinces (5,000 settled in the Fraser Valley of B.C. alone) or even back to Britain. It was the pioneer story in reverse. Between 1931 and 1937 Alberta lost 21,000 people, Manitoba almost 34,000 and Saskatchewan 86,000. Although the first two have since regained their population, Saskatchewan has 60,000 fewer people now than in 1931.

But most of the farmers dug their toes into the dust and refused to quit. As they pulled their chairs up to tables covered with patched oilcloths and cut into their relief loaves, they said: "This country isn't through yet. Just give us a rain and she'll grow crop again. Maybe next year!"

They were right of course. It did rain in 1938 and, although grasshoppers chewed up $25 millions worth of grain, the average yield was ten bushels to the acre.

In 1939 the rains came at the right time. The wet cool spring killed off the grasshopper nymphs. Thatcher wheat, developed by the University of Saskatchewan, proved immune to rust spores. Fields that had looked like desert sand two years before russet hooped crops of twenty-five to thirty bushels an acre. The provincial average was nineteen bushels.

The rains have been coming ever since. Fields where nothing but Russian thistle grew in 1937 are now piled high with wheat for which there is no market. Sloughs and lakes are full again. Some roads built in the Thirties have had to be rerouted because they run through water. Floods rather than drought are the menace.

And the farmers are back on their feet. Frank Seebach, who kept a store in Hanley, Sask., during the drought years and still does, summed it up recently. "It's amazing," he said. "Farmers who were on relief, behind in their taxes and over their ears in debt have paid off everything and have money in the bank."

Can It Happen Again?

Can it happen again? Is there any chance that drought and dust can again turn the "breadbasket of the world" into a dustbowl?

Well, it happened twice before 1937. When sloughs and lakes dried up in the Thirties, farmers were dumbfounded to find trails running right across their bottoms. Some even had wells dug in them. This could have happened back in 1837 or 1886 when the records show there were drought periods each lasting nine years.

During the Thirties some experts deduced that prairie climate ran in ten-year cycles—ten good years followed by ten years of drought. Edward Evans of the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, pooh-poohs this idea. "Just look at what's happened since," he says. "According to that theory the Forties should have been wet and the Fifties dry. But in 1952 we got our biggest crop."

Evans and others maintain that a slight variation in climate could bring another drought any time. If there's no rains in May and June don't come and the winds do, the land will be as the move again, they say. In an attempt to prevent it a few farmers are cultivating in strips twenty rods wide so the wind can't get a clean sweep and blow the land away. Others have sowed sandy soil back to grass and there are some farm ponds about.

But this is just a drop in the bucket. The vast majority of farmers are carrying on just as they did in 1929. Vast flat fields of two hundred acres or more are summer fallowed or sowed to crop. When the winds are strong the soil lifts exactly as it did during the "dirty Thirties."

On May 26 last year a rip-roaring wind hit southern Saskatchewan. The gale reached seventy miles an hour in some localities and picked up the top soil and sent it drifting across the fields. Ditches began to fill up, the air was so dark motorists had to turn on their lights.

In the town of Estevan streets were deserted. The wind whipped around corners. Dust and sand rattled against windows, metal signs creaked and banged on store fronts, old newspapers whirled into the air. Farmers watched their land blowing away with that hard set expression of old. They wiped the stinging sand from their eyes and wondered "Is this the beginning?"

Then that night they heard rain beating against their windows, the beginning of a two-day soaker. And they rolled over and went to sleep. But all the same, the dry ghosts of 1937, the year it didn't rain, still haunt the land whenever the wind blows and the dust rises. ★

Big-League Goalies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

ought be the catcher in baseball. But still he does things that are baseball—goes up to hit, chases foul flies and so forth. In hockey, a goaler does nothing that other players do. Except for his sweater, he even dresses completely differently right down to his skates."

Kenny Reardon, a former rambunctious Montreal Canadiens defenseman who is now the team's personal director, says that before a game players feel like patients quaking at the dentist's. "The strain must be tenfold on a goaler, who can't blow off steam once the game starts," he adds.

In the playoffs a goaler's single mistake can eliminate his team from the Stanley Cup and cash rewards. Players on a team winning the trophy collect $2,000 each in bonuses, if the team loses in the first round of the playoffs, each man gets only $500. The onus is usually on the goaler whether he and his teammates are going to be $1,500 richer.

"For twelve hours before a Stanley Cup game the modern goalkeeper carries a tension load that is carried by the average person only two or three times in a lifetime," says Lloyd Percival, director of the national research organization Sports College. "Through tests and interviews over the past ten years we feel it's the same tension load as that carried by a patient before undergoing an operation or a man before an important interview for a job that's vital to him."

Goalers have always been subjected to the strain of responsibility and com-

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"Durnan and McNeil passed up $15,000. No money was worth that much misery"

positive immobility but it's only the modern goaltender who has carried the added weight of as many as forty games more in season than his counterpart of the early Thirties, and twenty more than those of the mid Forties. And he's doing this under rules designed to open up action on the ice and accelerate it.

Coaches aware of the strain, handle goalies differently from the way they handle other players. King Clancy, the present Toronto coach never even speaks to Harry Lumley before a game.

"I wouldn't dare," he remarked recently. "The slightest thing, could throw him off just like that—and the coach snapped his fingers.

Tommy Ivan, now general manager of the Chicago Black Hawks was extremely careful in many matters with Terry Sawchuk of the Red Wings in the four years he coached the goalie at Detroit. "I used to sit beside him just before we went on the ice," Ivan says. "He'd show the tension in it by shaking his head unconsciously, a gentle little twitch, over and over. I'd put my hand on his arm, resting it there, and talk quietly about anything but hockey.

Ring Day used to chant at Turk Broda during practice, with the Maple Leafs feeling that the Turk tended to loaf and needed a few rasping phrases to keep him alert, but he left him alone during a game.

Cool has always been the word for goalies who showed skill and unconcern under fire, and it was never applied to any performer more frequently than to the late George Hainsworth, a graceful picture of nonchalance in his years with the Canadiens and the Maple Leafs. But it was merely a front.

"Cool!" snorts King Clancy, who played in front of Hainsworth. "He used to die. He'd make a tough stop look easy, and you'd hear the cheers and charge up from the crowd. But just by looking at his face you could tell he was dying. There'd be little white lines around his mouth and his eyes'd be this big.

Goalkeepers occasionally have snapped under the tension in public. One night in Montreal in a game between the Canadiens and the old Montreal Maroons, Dave Trottier scored on a long shot, beating Canadiens goalie Wilf Cude, with the game's only goal. As he circled the net Trottier laughed in Cude's face and pointed to the puck in the net.

Cude dejected enough because he'd blown a long shot, took off in wild pursuit of Trottier, swinging his big goal stick around his head like a lariat. Cude's heavy equipment kept him from overtaking Trottier before Canadien teammates caught up to him in the Maroons end of the rink and led him back to his cage.

But the most celebrated victims of high tension belong to the modern group. Bill Durnan and Gerry McNeil, both of whom rejected a chance to earn about $15,000 a year from the Canadiens rather than face another season. McNeil even went to training camp last fall before deciding the money wasn't worth the misery.

McNeil, twenty-nine, succeeded Durnan in 1950 and was the regular Canadien goaltender for four full seasons. He was sidelined by an injury late last season, and replaced by Jacques Plante who continued to play even after McNeil recovered. But with Plante performing erratically, Detroit won three of the first four games in last spring's Stanley Cup final and Coach Dick Irvin called back McNeil who beat the Red Wings 1-0 and 4-1 to square the series.

In the deciding seventh game Tony Leswick of Detroit fired a long shot in overtime with the score tied 1-1. McNeil set himself to take the puck on his chest protector but at the last second Doug Harvey, a Canadien defenseman who was standing about six feet in front of McNeil reached out to catch it. The puck struck his hand, bounced off and squirted into the corner of the net to end the series.

"I played that shot over again all summer," McNeil says. "People kept telling me it wasn't my fault that deflected shots are all part of the game. But I kept thinking that if I'd been standing over just a little, the puck would have hit my instead of the net."

He Worried About His Misses

McNeil says that mental replayion of shots that go in the net is an occupational hazard. "After every game through the season or in the playoffs, I'd toss and turn in bed half the night, playing the game all over again. When I fell off to sleep around three or four in the morning I'd dream about it."

Bill Durnan had a difficult kind of problem—the Vezina Trophy. This award, along with a $1,000 cash prize, is given by the NHL to the goalkeeper who allows the least goals over a season. In seven years with the Canadiens Durnan won the Vezina six unprecedented six times. In each of those six seasons he was voted to the NHL's All-Star team, chosen annually by hockey writers and carrying an award of an additional $1,000 in cash for each player. But after earning the Vezina laurels for the sixth time in 1950, plus playoff money and a salary of $10,000 Durnan suddenly called it quits in the whole thing.

"The Vezina got to be a matter of personal pride with me after I'd won it a couple of times," he says. "But the thing was always hanging over my head. Every time I blew a soft shot I suffered, and then I'd worry about blowing another soft shot and work twice as hard to avoid it."

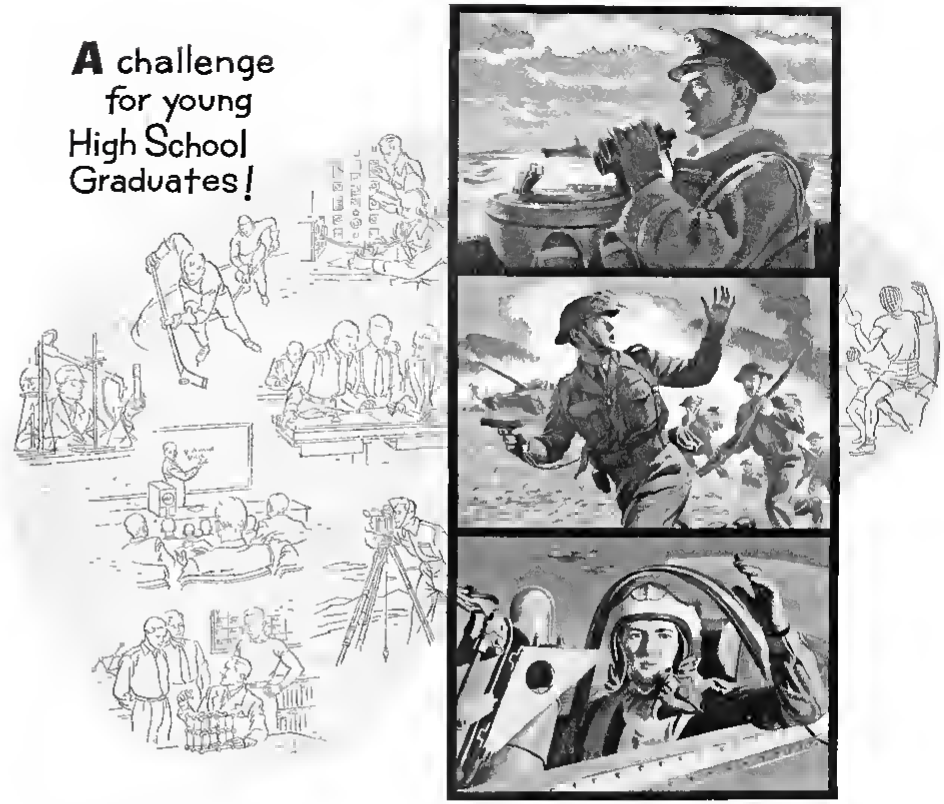
One night in a game against Toronto Durnan set himself to stop a long shot by Reggie Hamilton, a defenseman who rarely scored. The puck skimmed along the ice and at the last second it struck a loose chip of ice, changed direction slightly and hopped over Durnan's outstretched glove into the net.

Hamilton tried the same type of shot the next opportunity he got and Durnan recalls that he was as taut as a violin string as he braced himself for the drive.

"I was prepared for that puck to hit any part of me in the building or for a



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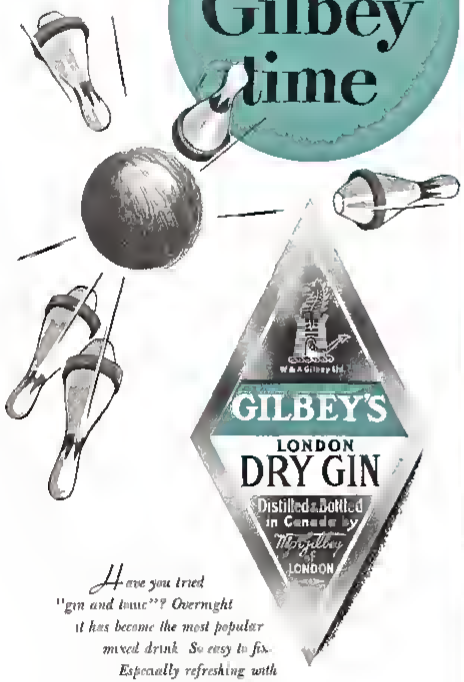
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"Goalies are often injured. Charlie Rayner had 78 stitches in his face"

to change course in any direction," he recalls. "Only trouble was, it didn't till a funnied thing. It went straight through my feet into the net again.

He didn't always fall right, playing the two shots over and over again. The next day at practice he asked his coach if he'd let a player shoot that kind of long low shot at him after the regular practice session.

"I figured a puck might hit a piece of ice like that once in two hundred times," Durnan explains, "so I wanted to forget odds like that and concentrate on the hundred and ninety-nine shots that *didn't* hit anything." Elmer Lach fired easy ice-skimming shots at me for an hour until I figured I'd prevented the thing from becoming a phobia."

Durnan points out that playing goal involves physical as well as mental strain. "It would be funny if most people simply to stand all through a game like a goalie does," he says. "In the spring during the playoffs the temperature in those buildings climbs to the eighties. If a game goes into overtime a goalie might be on his feet under pressure for three hours. I used to lose from five to eight pounds every game. One time, in a playoff, I lost seventeen."

That game was a Stanley Cup final in 1947 when the Leafs completely outplayed the Canadiens after Teddy O'Connor had put Canadiens ahead in the first minute of play. Toronto finally tied it and in overtime Gus Bodnar scored for the Leafs from a face-off after Durnan had played one of the greatest games in playoff history. Official tabulation showed that he'd stopped seventy-two shots, against a mere twenty-two by Broda.

A post-game picture in which the defeated Canadiens are congratulating the Stanley Cup-winning Leafs shows Broda and Durnan with their arms around each other. Broda looking harried and Durnan laughing heartily.

"I'd just stopped seventy-two shots," Durnan says, "and the Turk had been having a picnic. But when we met the first thing he said was, 'Sleepers. Bill I'm getting too old to suffer like this.'"

Broda is considered the most phlegmatic playoff goalie of them all. He is still praised by such men as Durnan, McNeil and his old coach, Day for his ability to withstand playoff pressures. But Turk says the butterflies used to attack his stomach.

Once when he was resting in his darkened room the afternoon of a playoff game his roommate Bill Fabrikis entered with spare goalie Baz Bastien, threw on an overhead light and began playing ribbage. Broda told them a couple of times to beat it but they ignored him. Broda leaped to his feet on the bed, grabbed his pillow, swung it around his head and crashed it against the overhead light fixture. That plunged the room into darkness, broke up the rank game and permitted Broda to continue his rest.

Besides being unable to relieve pertinent tensions by physical movement, a goalkeeper has or added "injury" to mention the unconscious awareness that he can be seriously injured by pucks that travel a hundred miles an hour and more. (Gordon Howe, Bernie Geoffrion and Maurice Richard have had their shots officially clocked at a hundred and twenty miles an hour.) Then there are the deflected shots that quickly change direction and hit a goalie before he can move and screened or hidden shots that zip through a maze of players moving about in front of the goalie blocking his vision.

"There never been fatal accidents in hockey but fractured cheekbones and noses are commonplace," Charlie Rayner, formerly of the New York Rangers, carried seventy-eight stitches in his face as reminders of flying pucks but he always bore a remarkable attitude towards the danger.

In a game in Chicago some years ago he stopped a shot with his jaw, and later back teeth were broken off. "When the swelling went down the roots of the teeth were dug out. He was still suffering shock from that operation when he skated out the following night for a game in Toronto. A puck whirled his face and he was tied, bleeding, to the rink infirmary. As he lay on the operating table waiting for stitches, he shook his head and remarked, "It's a wonder somebody doesn't get badly hurt in this job."

Led Away for Stitching

Baz Bastien, a Maple Leaf forehand at Pittsburgh, had his career ended by a flying puck. In a preseason practice session at Welland, Ont., in September 1948 a rookie named Don Clark shot a puck Bastien never saw. It struck his right eye squarely and the eye had to be removed. Bastien has stayed in hockey as manager of the Pittsburgh club.

In Montreal one night Bill Durnan's mouth was badly cut in a goal-mouth pile-up and he was led away for stitching.

"There was absolutely nothing I feared more than stitches," he recalls. "That needle scared me to death. To top it off there was no novocaine or anesthetic this night and the interne kept muttering away about his sutures. 'These damned dull sutures,' he'd say, digging another one into my mouth.' Durnan was ready to scream when referee Bill Chadwick walked into the room. 'How much longer is this going to take?' he asked.

"'Almost finished,' said the interne.

"'Well hurry up,' grumbled Chadwick, turning to go. 'There was a penalty shot or two I'd like to play and Durnan's got to get out there.'

"The pay was good," Durnan reflects, "but the wear and tear got to be more than I could take. The tension was almost as bad as the stitches."

Tension says Sports College director Lloyd Percival is the greatest inhibitor of an athlete's potential. It ruins plans, he says, why a player who feels he's got what it takes to hit when the bases are full can deliver when they're empty. Dusty Rhodes, the pinch-hitting star of the 1954 World Series, epitomizes the man who can overcome tension, says Percival, who likes to quote a Rhodes observation:

"All these other guys are scared to death," the pinch hitter kept telling himself as he walked towards the plate. "I'm loosey goosey. I'm loosey goosey, I'm loosey-goosey."

Psychologically modern goalkeepers must cultivate the same attitude, he says or today's hectic game will continue to rail their careers short and pressure tension that will stay with them permanently.

"Tension builds up knots in muscles that can be recognized and overcome by compensating muscular exercises," Percival says. "But goalers must work at relaxing just as hard as they work at their trade. By effort and application they can learn the muscular exercises that will eventually become automatic, reflexes the instant tension begins to tighten them up."

Tensed up was indeed the phrase for Wilfred "Cully" Cude, trainer for the Canadiens and Detroit, who long fought nerves and injury and then suddenly decided to retire.

Like all hockey players, Cude always had an afternoon steak on the day of a game. He liked to spoil great quantities of ketchup over it.

One afternoon my wife Beulah had cooked me a nice steak and I'd just started to eat it when she made a casual remark about some unimportant subject, Cude relates. "For no known reason I picked up my steak and threw it at her.

"It missed, thank goodness, and hanged against the wall. The ketchup splattered and the steak hung there on the wall. Slowly it began to peel and I stared at it. Between the time that that steak hit the wall and then hit the floor I decided I'd been a gorilla for long enough. By the time it landed, I'd retired." ★





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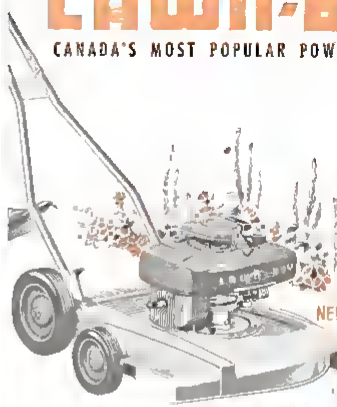
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What 2500 Women Can Do in a Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

donated by merchants wholesalers or manufacturers. As a result this enormous bazaar—which began thirty years ago and netted $4 600—has outgrown five buildings since it first started out in a tiny Yonge Street store.

Its sponsors insist that it is the biggest one-day bazaar in the world—well in North America anyway.

The crowd thickens by late morning and customers break like surf against the counters searching for bargains picking up and discarding clothing with abandon, shuffling through boxes of jewelry and trying and re-trying on coats and hats.

By noon the counters look ravaged. The Hadassah women moan to each other about sore feet as they replenish the stalls from hideouts under crepe paper table skirts. They pay three dollars a year for the privilege of belonging to the organization altered two meetings a month, and work faithfully at half-a-dozen fund raising projects every year.

The smell of dust mingles with the odor of hot grease as the dozen restaurants and snack bars struggle to fill orders for coffee, sandwiches and full-course meals. At the Jewish food booths women hand out cheese blintzes, *gefilte* fish and hot spicy liver knishes. A loudspeaker's metallic voice announces a fashion show where more Hadassah members are about to model clothes. Far-coated society women buy raffle tickets on everything from holiday trips to Miss-masters.

A poster spells out an impudent message:

Mr. Segal
Make it legal
Get married quick
And buy one of our wedding albums
for half price

Not far away a handicraft shop is doing a brisk business in finely smocked dresses, oil paintings and knitted sets, most of them made by the indefatigable Hadassah members themselves.

A Toronto housewife, Mrs. J. E. Rutherford, saunters down the aisle. Like thousands of other customers she's a Gentile and hasn't missed a sale since she first heard of the bazaar four years ago. She plans to spend the afternoon and evening here and before the day is done her shopping bag will be filled with: two bottles of perfume (at a two-dollar saving), fourteen pairs of stockings—her year's supply—at a quarter a pair, two hats at a dollar apiece, a crocheted beret for thirty-five cents, three pairs of summer shorts at fifty cents a pair, an all wool sweater for a dollar twenty five and a variety of groceries all bought at cost.

Four o'clock comes and the bazaar has turned into a carnival. Working people and school children pour in. Out of an orchestra of tongues come snatches of Lithuanian, bits of Yiddish, slices of Canadian slang, clipped British accents.

A woman runs her go-cart into a fat man with a goatee who is staring at the new model car to be unveiled later. He turns quickly, removes his hat and apologizes. But she has pushed on.

People stand three and four deep around the counters, heaving and pushing for better positions. Arms appear from between first row hip bones and blind hands grope for something they can pick up. Beside a counter of used books an elderly rabbi waits calmly for a chance to scan the titles.









Behind the counters Hadassah husbands help Hadassah wives sell off the last of the merchandise. A stout dark young man with glasses is working feverishly to get rid of a bunch of chamois.

"All the way from New Zealand!" he cries. "Look at this now! A brand new shamois for only twenty five cents! Formerly one dollar fifty! You'll need one for the new car you're going to win!"

By now there are more practical bargains than shamois. Ties that cost fifty cents in the morning are now selling for a dime. Dresses marked at five dollars are going at a dollar. A counter-sealed evening gown is down to fifty cents. Salesgirls are asking customers to make their own offers.

By the time of the big car draw at eleven o'clock most of the counters are bare. Afterwards a few items will be sold to lingering customers; money counted and anything unsold packed away. Then a couple of thousand Hadassah women become housewives again; pick up the loose domestic threads dropped during previous weeks, and return to normal until it's time to plan next year's sale.

Halfway around the world, in Israel, the sale is not forgotten. The million dollars the Canadian Hadassah raises each year is deposited in Canada to the credit of the Israeli government. The government buys Canadian foodstuffs, timber, wheat, clothing and machines and ships them off to Israel. In turn it earmarks a million dollars in Israeli funds for Hadassah's projects in the homeland.

The money goes to various causes. It goes some of it to the children's village of Hadassim, started by the organization after World War II as a settlement for homeless European waifs. It goes to the youth redemption centres which since 1933 have rehabilitated sixty five thousand Jewish children from Europe, Asia and North Africa. It goes to an agricultural school for two hundred boys and girls paid for and run by Canadian Hadassah for twenty-eight years on reclaimed land on the Sea of Galilee. It goes to schools, hospitals, recreation centres, all supported wholly or partially by the energetic women through raffles, tea parties, and enormous bazaars like this one.

All this activity began in Canada in 1916, six years after the Hadassah idea first blossomed out in the U.S. The name comes from the Hebrew word for Myrtle—the given name of the Biblical Queen Esther who saved the Jewish people from the tyrant Haman.

Hadassah's beginnings weren't too encouraging. Of three hundred Toronto women invited to the first meeting only six turned up. The first project—a bazaar in-house canvass for funds for aid World War I refugees in Palestine—gathered only five hundred dollars.

But the organization soon flourished and became a national group. The Hadassahites adopted a motto in which the ingredients of imperialism, nationalism and Zionism were evenly mixed ("The Empire Canada Palestine!") and quickly set about holding baking sales, theatre nights and raffles and doing sewing, baby sitting, catering.

Soon there were three hundred Hadassah chapters from Trail, B.C., to Stephenville, Newfoundland.

There seems no limit to Hadassah's money raising abilities. The members even raise money among themselves. For instance a Montreal chapter made up predominantly of doctors' wives last year held a dinner dance for each other. They cheerfully paid twenty five dollars a couple. Another time nine hundred and twenty five Montreal members donated twenty five dollars each for a tea party in aid of Hadassah, the children's village.

Chapters in some major cities run bargain centres or thrift shops where they sell donated clothing. Montreal Hadassah beckoned Christmas shoppers to its Whole of a Sale last December, hur by offering most price merchandise, draw prizes, children's games. It raised twenty-five thousand dollars. Last year a raffle of a house in Montreal brought in eighty nine thousand.

But the Toronto bazaar is the matriarch of all the Hadassah sales, and the one that requires the most preparation. As this appears in print, a tiny dark and attractive woman, Mrs. Bernard Herman—she's been bazaar chairman for the past two years—is already planning next fall's big event. By June she'll be getting phone calls from committee chairwomen wondering how much fish to order and how many plates will be needed for the restaurants. Soon the

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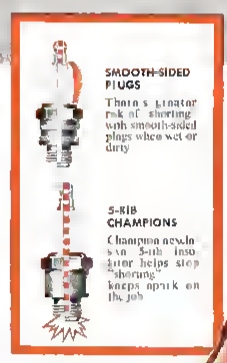
please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

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Get quicker starts and step up your gas-mileage—with Champions! Your serviceman has the right Champion for *your* make of car.



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TIME TO HAVE YOUR PLUGS CHECKED!
Smart drivers find this simple safety habit saves time and money.
If worn plugs need replacing, make sure you get 5-rib Champions. It pays!

Drivers who know choose CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS





whole planning program will be in full swing once again.

The big bazaar is planned with all the efficiency of a large-scale military operation. Each chapter has a specific job to do, each chapter member a specific task. Take the Menorah chapter of thirty members—average age twenty-one—for example. At last year's sale, Menorah was responsible for two children's-clothing booths, a soft-drink stand, and a draw for a mixing machine.

The chapter approached the job with verve, acumen and thoroughness. Weeks before the bazaar the Menorah girls found themselves systematically making lists of children's-clothing manufacturers from magazine advertisements. This done, Mrs. Sydney Shrott, a slender, dark-haired woman, began to write letters to firms all over Ontario. She wrote fifty of them and a fellow member wrote fifty more. Mrs. Shrott told the manufacturers about the bazaar and asked them for contributions, each to supply worn sample dresses. She followed up her letters with phone calls while other members arranged to pick up and store the merchandise until bazaar time.

Mrs. Shrott, who works and keeps house for her pharmacist husband, spent her noon hours canvassing nearby stores. Some evenings after work she would travel by streetcar to pick up merchandise. Or if the load ran to a number of cartons she'd ask her husband to bring them in the car on his way home from the drugstore.

The night before the bazaar some of the girls' husbands piled all donations into a truck and took them to the Automotive Building at the CNE. Workmen had already set up the booths as the girls started decorating the counters and arranging their merchandise.

Mrs. Shrott worked the fell fourteen hours the day of the sale. Two pregnant women in her chapter did the same. At the end of the day every article was sold and Menorah had raised eight hundred and fifty dollars.

While Mrs. Shrott and her colleagues were collecting clothing, Mrs. N. L. Sandler, blond and blue-eyed Toronto housewife, was wheeling a convertible about town collecting donations of merchandise from Toronto store owners, to fill the white-elephant booth which is her chapter's responsibility. Mrs. Sandler also manages to look after her house, husband and two sons and write songs. Such song hits as I'll Never Smile Again and Pet Your Dreams Away. She's written fifty but still makes time for Hadassah. Besides collecting white elephants she sold space for commercial displays—mailing out printed forms to industries and other firms telling about the bazaar and quoting floor space rates, and following up with personal calls. In all she raised a thousand dollars in this way.

In fact all twenty-five hundred women in Toronto's Hadassah, from eighteen to eighty, neglect husbands and farm out children to baby sitters to work for the great bazaar.

The year before lost a woman of sixty-five broke her leg a week before the sale. When she telephoned to tell Mrs. Herman what had happened she burst into tears because it was the first bazaar she'd ever missed. In spite of her injury she completed her work of contacting donors from her bed. Mrs. Herman could sympathize with her. In her own first year as chairman she broke her ankle and had to go through the bazaar with a cast on her leg, hobbling around on a crutch. She didn't complain and nobody expected her to. To the Hadassahites, nothing is more important than "the greatest bazaar on earth." ★

The Port That Sighs For Sail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

of the company, says that farmers up the Annapolis Valley still send down for them. "And we often get calls for them from the American summer visitors—people originally from around here who were brought up on them. They like to take some back to Boston for old times' sake. They make a drink you know, when steeped in boiling water—a sort of tonic. Tama rind water."

Along the waterfront and toward the harbor mouth cluster tenements tottering and decayed—the abandoned cocoons of the original town. At one time these buildings served as sail lofts and block factories and the homes of seamen. If Yarmouth has a slum problem it is because of an affection and respect for these relics of the age of sail.

At the inner reaches of the harbor lie fine estates with terraced lawns, shrubberies of rhododendron and hedges of hawthorn laid out by gardeners brought over from England. Here are homes crowned with ornate cupolas, their high-ceilinged drawing rooms furnished with mantels of Italian marble and panelled with pear wood imported from Europe. The atmosphere is quietly affluent. The people within, urbane, travelled, and given to serving after-noon tea.

All this gracious living had its origin in a rendering age of bold and hardy driving skippers, and routes suitable for the sons of their lusts and the momentum behind the toes of their boots.

James MacMillan was town policeman in those days back in 1880. He remembers the nighttime waterfront under flickering gaslight lamps—tough and brawling, with seamen from Norway or London's Limehouse. "There were runaway sailors to be apprehended. "Sometimes I didn't chase them very fast," admits MacMillan. "Some of the captains and mates were cruel to their men."

Captain Murray Hatfield remembers those days too. He began his own career in 1896 on a four-masted square-rigger bound for Melbourne. Retired now from his position as marine superintendent of Canadian National Steamships at Montreal, he is struck by the great change that has taken place in the town since he was a lad. His six feet and better must have towered impressively on the bridge; now he glances up from a game of patience with the look of memory in his far sighted eyes.

"Adventure? Of course it was adventure. That was the spirit of the place when I was a kid—not only among the seamen. The whole town was willing to take a chance. Those old captains and shipowners would risk their bottom dollar on a ship. And they weren't the only ones. The man who made the sails would take a share in the ship too—in place of payment. So would the man who made the blocks. That's how we built most of our ships. Some lost their shirts. A good many lost their lives. They were gamblers.

Neck Lines

How doth the little dizzy scarf
Improve us such degree.
The teen age girl, yet look so like
A bandage tied on me?

IRENE WARSAW

What's news at Inco?



THE BEAM OF A POLICE OFFICER'S FLASHLIGHT picks out a burglar who has been caught by sound waves he couldn't hear. These sound waves are sent out by the Alertronic Alarm—a new device in which *small rods of nickel* play a vital part.

INCO NICKEL RODS SET OFF ALARM BUT BURGLARS CANNOT HEAR IT

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The heart of this device is two slender rods of pure nickel that change their length when magnetized, causing a diaphragm to vibrate and send out sound waves so high-pitched they cannot be heard by human ears. But the slightest movement by an intruder disturbs the sound waves and sets off the alarm.

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Even the heat of a wad of paper smoldering in an ashtray will disturb the sound waves and set off the Alertronic Alarm.

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those old boys "Real gamblers."

That same spirit of adventure burned fiercely in the town's first settlers when they sailed from New England in 1761 in their little eggshell vessels. They were Cape Codders and the sea was in their blood. From the day a boy cut his teeth on hardtack he was learning how to find his way around a ship. They fished. They cured their fish and sold it in New England. They ventured farther and found a new market in the West Indies and the farther they went the more money they made. From then on they were world traders, ready to load case oil in Philadelphia for the heaps of China or try a spell in the saltpeter trade out of Chile.

Riches poured into the little town. The shipowners formed their own marine insurance companies. They founded two banks, the Bank of Yarmouth and the Exchange Bank of Yarmouth later absorbed by the Bank of Montreal. Others made fortunes running the North Atlantic blockade of the South during the American Civil War.

What happened to all this wealth? Never do-wells inherited some of it. One man staged a brief and pyrotechnic fling; then sought to lose himself in a city as far away from home as he could get. He had not reckoned with the roving spirit of his fellow townsmen. Word soon reached Yarmouth that the prodigal son had been seen in France. He had a job. He was emptying spittoons in a barroom.

Some of it was reinvested more wisely in ventures such as Nova Scotia's pioneer tourist effort promoted by Loran E. Baker, one of Yarmouth's shippers. He noted that the town's average July temperature was sixty-one degrees, compared with Boston's seventy-two. Why not publicize Yarmouth's cool summer climate and provide a luxury liner service from Boston?

On the waterfront heads were shaken in gloomy prophecy. Where was the money to come from? Wooden ships yes—that was different. Yarmouth could build them. But this was to be an iron ship, built on the Clyde.

Baker went ahead. In 1887 she was ready—the SS Yarmouth, a steamer with its own electric lights. Even Boston was impressed.

The tourists came and quickly found themselves at home in a town that, like Boston, had a Beacon Street, a Salem and a nearby Plymouth. They learned too that Paul Revere had once been in town about the year 1770. For some unknown reason he had come over to Yarmouth to take Masonic orders, and the house in which he took them still stands. The Bostonians were somewhat less pleased to learn that one of the town's early preachers, the Rev. William Washington Ashley, was the reputed natural son of George Washington.

Baker Went With the Tickets

Baker's business boomed. A second ship was added. His steamers, besides catering to the tourist traffic, carried job-hungry Nova Scotians to the greener pastures of New England. A return ticket for the 440-mile voyage cost five dollars.

It was soon to cost less. Baker's success tempted a rival into the field. A local railroad, the Dominion Atlantic supplemented its service with a steam ferry in competition with Baker's and started a rate-cutting war. From five dollars the price of a return ticket fell to four—three—two.

It went even lower. H. B. Jefferson, a veteran newspaperman and authority on the history of Nova Scotian railroads, says that at one time you could go over to Boston for a dollar. "And along with your ticket," Jefferson adds, "they would throw in two bottles of Bass ale. If you didn't want the ale you could go for fifty cents."

Americans who came from Boston put up at the Grand Hotel, another of Baker's promotions. They still do. In the off season it provides a retreat for the town's leisured and well-to-do.

Here the tourist may catch the faint echoes of that other and fabulous Yarmouth of old. Only hotels or rich in memory as the Grand could afford the privilege of two front entrances, a general entrance and a ladies' entrance. And only the Grand itself can offer a glowing open fire three hundred and sixty-five days a year. In its lobby a coal fire has been burning since 1893. It never goes out. It's not allowed to. Summer guests stand with their backs to the oak mantelpiece, comforting themselves as the radio announces another wilting heat wave in New York.

Unrepentant of its fogs, proud of the extra blanket on its beds in summertime, Yarmouth has been Boston's other Cape Cod since grandma wore bloomers. The tourists took to its salty charm. They loved to poke about its crumbling wharves where old whalers sunned their rheumatic knees and swapped endless sea yarns.

Today there are scarcely half a dozen deep water skippers left. One of them, Captain A. W. Hilton, recalls that when he was a lad the town was filled with retired sea captains. "In those days, if you walked down Main Street and shouted 'Captain!'—why most every man in sight would turn around."

Mrs. Hilton, like so many brides in the days of the wind ships, went to sea with her husband. The ship's cabin (or saloon) had sofas and tables that could be screwed to the floor. When port was reached the furniture was unscrewed and the hooked rugs laid down and then it was just like home except that there were no rocking chairs.

They weren't necessary. Mrs. Hilton adds:

Afternoon tea was an almost sacred rite as it still is in almost every Yarmouth home. "We always had our tea," Mrs. Hilton says, "even when the ship was on her beam ends."

When they met Maritimes ships in a foreign port it was as if they had met one of the family. "In Buenos Aires there were always a lot of ships from Nova Scotia. We used to make up parties and go up town for some tea and shopping—we'd practically fill up one of those little horse cars—and leave our children with the captains or some of the officers. Sometimes we'd go to the hotel and have a breakfast party. And we visited back and forth and entertained each other aboard ship with deck chairs and awnings set. It was beautiful in the tropics."

In the Hilton home crowding the mantels and whatnots, are memorials of all those voyages. Most treasured of all is the picture of a full-rigged ship commanded by Captain Hilton's father, painted as she lay in Antwerp harbor. And then there are rock-shaw miniatures, chrysanthemum vases from India, pottery from Ireland, sandalwood boxes, and incense pots and carved shells from the Philippines.

At Sand Beach on the outskirts of the town lives Mrs. R. A. Gaudey who still corresponds with friends she made all over the world during her forty years of travel on her husband's ship. "For a while, she says, "I took my children to sea before leaving them at a boarding school in England. They loved the storms. They'd roll around on the cabin floor, and sometimes I'd roll around with them! But I can't say I cared for the rough weather. When my husband went up on deck during the storms, I listened to catch the sound of his footsteps. As he walked back and forth directly above our quarters he would stamp on the deck, and then I would know he was all right."

Captain E. E. Manning puffs reflectively on his pipe, speaking in a low, gentle, easygoing voice. "Yes, I've been around the Horn twenty-two times in all. We were down there sometimes beating around for thirty-five days. At the end of that time we were still in the same spot. Other trips would make it in ten days. All depends on the wind."

At ninety-two, this veteran of the wind ships still walks with a swinging clip. During World War I his four-masted steel barque William F. Lewis was shelled by a German submarine off the Irish coast. But she was loaded with timber; they couldn't sink her. They left her a derelict. Captain Manning had her towed to port and repaired and he sailed her for eight years more.

The town's first master mariner is said to be none other than Eric the Red. According to local historians he landed there on his epic voyage to America in the year 1000. At Yarmouth's public library there is a four-hundred-pound stone inscribed with runes. It was found on the shores of the harbor about 1800 and the markings have been translated. Turf to Fire raises the monument.

Clement Crowell, district school superintendent, has made a study of the various interpretations by leading Norse authorities. "The stone is not a fake," he says. "Of that I'm convinced. But to authenticate it is not easy. It remains a mystery—and a most fascinating one."

Captain Fred Corrier, another ancient mariner who started sailing at fifteen, now spends his time building models of the ships he sailed on. He never uses reference books; all the details of line, spars and rigging come from his astonishing memory.

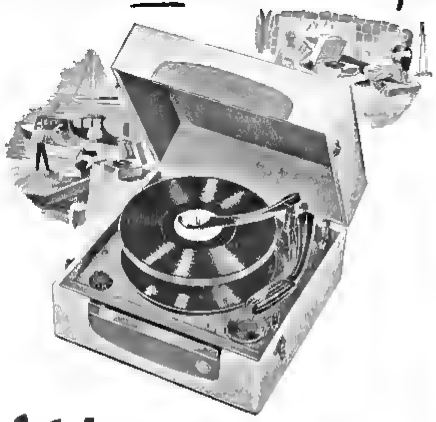
This preoccupation with the past affects even the youth of the town. George Mullins, barely out of his thirties, is the local antiquarian. During the day he works at Cain's Grocetaria, but at night he studies old log books and diaries kept by Yarmouth seafarers on journeys about the world. He writes a column for the weekly Yarmouth Light about launchings and







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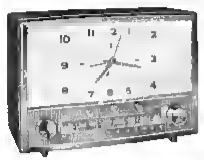
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Dramatic in styling, dynamic in performance, the 6-tube 'Radasonic' features smooth quality tone and volume in a compact table radio. Ultra-modern acoustic design cabinet in select imported woods ... on removable swivel base ... beams the sound from twin Concert Speakers throughout the room. In walnut or mahogany.

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The ultimate in clock radios ... sings you to sleep ... turns itself off ... wakes you to music ... sounds safety alarm ... turns appliances on and off automatically. Cabinet completely encases set and is of gleaming plastic. Front control panel and knobs are of bright gold-finished metal. Moderately priced.

Specifications subject to change without notice

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

SEE THEM TO-DAY AT YOUR DEALER'S 12M4064

lighthouses and buried treasure, legends and sagas from the great days of sail. He sits in his study surrounded by ships models, sea chests, a bottle of champagne (unopened) that came from a ship wrecked half a century ago. 'Sometimes I think I'm living back there,' he says. 'It's all so real to me. I can almost hear the canvas slatting in those headwinds.'

Another young man, Robert M. Sweeney, spends his evenings constructing scale models of the Great Republic and other proud clippers once owned in Yarmouth.

Times have not been good in Yarmouth lately. Its principal industry, the Cosmos Imperial Mills, a cotton mill, has been forced to cut out one shift. Like the Canadian textile industry in general it has been having hard times even though as a manufacturer of heavy fabrics, it enjoys the advantage of a specialized field.

Col. U. G. Dawson, its manager, explains: 'We've always gone in for

Yarmouth's Ghosts and Gravestones



Sweeney's wharf echoes with the memories of windjammer days.



This millstone came with the Cape Codders who founded Yarmouth.



Tombstones look down on the shore where settlers landed in 1761.

longest...

More than ten inches longer for '55! Long sweep of fenders, ending in rakish angles fore and aft, helps to give the Plymouth its exciting modern silhouette.



lowest...

Actually wider than it is high! Shoulder high at roof ... hip-high at hood and rear deck that slope gracefully downward to emphasize the ground-hugging look of this new car.

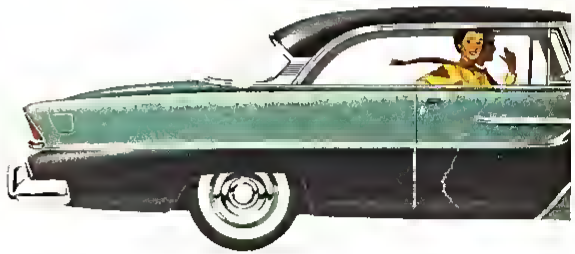
MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED



liveliest...

Take your pick of three great new engines! New 167-h.p. Hy-Fire V-8 with years-ahead design for top efficiency and economy. New PowerFlow at 115 h.p., or new 125-h.p. PowerFlow Special.

PowerFlite—finest of all automatic transmissions—can be teamed with either the Hy-Fire V-8 or PowerFlow Special. Famous Synchro-Silent transmission is standard equipment. Overdrive is optional for exceptional fuel economy.



Wide choice of power—
V-8 or 6's—with three great drives

Longest, lowest, liveliest PLYMOUTH *ever!*

All new for '55 with Motion-Design for The Forward Look!

For the best value ever, see your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo dealer now!

Suddenly YOU make the decisions!



All at once you've joined the millions of busy girls with lives of their own, minds of their own. Some are away at school. Some are brides. Many go to work. But all of them (like you) have big and little decisions to make every day of their lives—decisions that equally revolve about "What's best for *me*?"

You'd be surprised how many women like you have made one of the decisions you've undoubtedly been considering. *They've changed to internal sanitary protection!* That always seems like such a big step when you first think about it; yet once you use Tampax,* you'll find it natural and easy. *You can't even feel the Tampax when it's in place!*

Tampax has many other advantages. It does away with the uncomfortable bulky belt-pin-pad harness. It's easy to dispose of, and so small that a month's supply slips into the purse. It eliminates odor. It's fastidious—wearer's hands need never even touch the Tampax.

This popular, doctor-invented product comes in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Try it this month! Canadiae Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.

*Reg'd Trade Mark



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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name

Address

City Prov. MAC-325

heavy deck, ever since the days of sailing ships. "That's why the factory was located here, to help rig Yarmouth's fleet. Of course, sidekelth makes up only a tiny fraction of our business now, but once our canvas rode out many a gale."

Into these doldrums has come a puff of wind. Something of the old Yarmouth spirit seems to be awakening. There's rising excitement in the town about the new ship—the Bar Harbor ferry.

To motor from Bar Harbor to Yarmouth by land, entering the peninsular province of Nova Scotia by the isthmus of Chignecto, is a trip of seven hundred miles. On the new ferry, across the Bay of Fundy, it'll be a sea voyage of only a hundred and eight miles. Montreal and Toronto will be a day's driving closer to Yarmouth.

T. A. M. (Tommy) Kirk, MP for Shelburne-Yarmouth-Clare, feels that the new ferry may mark the turning point in the life of southwestern Nova Scotia. "For one thing," he says, "it's going to revolutionize the transportation of fish to central Canadian and American markets. Most of our fish go in refrigerated trucks. Now they'll reach Montreal and Boston in a full day sooner."

At the harbormaster's office where old cronies gather over the cribbage board, the ferry is the chief topic of conversation these days. Her name, Bluenose, prompts a yarn from the harbormaster himself, Captain A. W. Hilton. "When those old West Indiamen sailed back home loaded with sugar and rum, it was often bitter cold beating up along the Nova Scotia coast against a nor'-west wind. The captains would stand on the weather side of the poop, driving their ships and keeping themselves warm by sipping at the rum. The combination of the rum and the cold wind turned their noses blue, and so they got the name of Bluenose skippers."

Nobody Gets Seasick Now

Far removed from such hardships will be the new Bluenose. Its six hundred passengers will enjoy the luxury of a stabilizer, reducing the roll of the ship and making seasickness less likely. There will be observation lounges and a children's playroom. On the six-hour crossing from Bar Harbor, drivers of the hundred and fifty cars and trailer trucks it can carry will be free to stroll on the promenade deck.

At the Town Hall, Mayor Willard Allen is busy with plans for a two-day celebration when the Bluenose arrives from Bar Harbor on her maiden voyage in May. A Ferry Queen is to be chosen. There'll be bands and street parades. A salute of guns. Already old sail lofts on Water Street are being ransacked for hunting. Flags will festoon the cupolas and widow's walks where once Yarmouth's womenfolk paced, waiting sight of their men safely home.

They'll be watching from the rooftops. But somehow it won't be a five-million-dollar ferry steaming up the harbor past Benker's Island. With a knack of remembrance that belongs only to Yarmouth, she'll blossom into a four-master, her topsails billowing. The men will be waving from the yardarms. She'll be just in from Rio. ★



To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have that constant urge to write but fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what a famous editor said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene. Who will take their places? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."



SELL A STORY AFTER 2nd WRITING ASSIGNMENT

"While in born something I was not to do, I decided I would for the N.I.A. Course. After the second assignment, I sold one article for $60 and then another for $150.00. The lessons paid the fees many times over. Today I am a full time writer with a book released recently to the public."—F. V. Robins, Ajax, Prior, Ontario, Canada.

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THE Newspaper Institute of America offers a FREE Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing.

The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

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How the Disk Jockeys Run the Record World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

few months, and some lines only weeks, before they are killed by infuriating repetition.

Leo Mentz, the owner of a Cleveland record store that is one of the largest in the world, said recently that his store used to sell 2,000 to 5,000 copies of a hit record. "Month after month after month," he said, "we went on selling that record. Now we sell a thousand to fifteen hundred copies of a hit record and we don't dare order too many ahead because we don't know what tomorrow's hit may be."

Mentz blamed this on the urgency of disk jockeys forcing a hit record to the top by frenzied plugging that wears out the tune prematurely. As he spoke he picked up a record of 'Let Me Go, Lover' which had just been released the day before. "This is a lovely thing," he sighed. "It should last a year and be remembered for twenty years. But yesterday disk jockeys in this city played it fifty times and today they'll play it more often. They'll have it in its grave in a few weeks. Every disk jockey wants to be a hero."

Disk jockeys are also held responsible for the deterioration in the character of modern popular music. There are few beautiful ballads with intelligent lyrics, while raucous maniacs flourish. It is because disk jockeys get all their mail from thirteen- and fourteen-year olds," explained one authority, Virginia Wicks, a New York agent who appears regularly on radio panel shows that discuss music. "Accordingly disk jockeys—the majority of them anyway—tend to play music to suit the bottomless taste of thirteen-year-olds."

Many recording artists agree. Toronto's Crew Cuts, who made international hits of such tunes as Sh-Boom and Oop Shoop, sing a ballad called 'Talk to the Angels' during their night-club appearances. An effort once asked them if the song were on one of their records.

"Oh no," responded Red Maugeri, the quartet's baritone. "We couldn't sell it on a record. The kids can't dance to it."

Recorded music mechanically has become a major part of radio programming. Daytime radio is composed of news, weather reports, a smattering of soap operas and recorded music; night-time radio has more news, some network drama and comedy shows and recorded music. Some radio stations, like Toronto's CKEY, play records right around the clock, twenty-four hours a day, broken only by news and weather. Depending on how much chatter the disk jockey favors and how many commercials he has to deliver, he can play between twelve and fifteen records in an hour. Record companies are eager to fill the need. Canadian radio stations get twenty-five or thirty new records a week; U.S. stations get from a hundred to two hundred. (There are more fly-by-night record companies in the U.S. who don't operate at all in Canada.)

In the midst of this churning output of cacophony and symphony sits the big-time American disk jockey, who never has to pay his own check when he visits a night club, who can command performers earning ten thousand a week to perform free at his whim, who one expect gifts ranging from a bottle of liquor to an imported automobile from record companies at Christmas and who frequently is a man of small talent, vast ego and little conscience.

His influence is traced by most ha-



Your modern Wonderland of Time

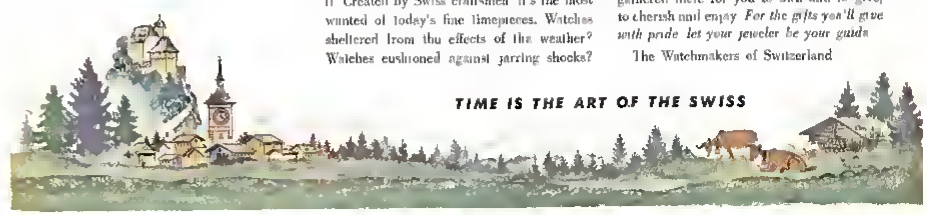
Remember Alice? She stepped through the looking-glass to see wonders beyond belief.

Your own Wonderland is very real and, also, very near. Enter it through your jeweler's door—to marvel at the miracles of Time that must be seen to be believed.

A watch that winds itself? Your jeweler has it. Created by Swiss craftsmen. It's the most wanted of today's fine timepieces. Watches sheltered from the effects of the weather? Watches cushioned against jarring shocks? You'll see them, too. And ever so many more—some so small, so lovely their size belies the inner perfection of their precision jeweled-lever movements.

Truly, your jeweler's store is the open door to a modern Wonderland. Be sure to visit it soon. To see a bit of Switzerland, to see fine watches for men and for women that are gathered there for you to own and to give, to cherish and enjoy. *For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.*

The Watchmakers of Switzerland



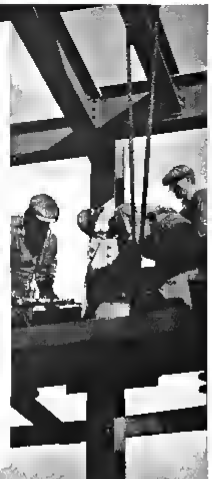
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Here's how to save money on gas, oil and repairs with Motor Rythm

Use Motor Rythm with every tankful of gas. It dissolves acid flushes away sludge, carbon and gum . . . gives your engine new pep and power

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If Motor Rythm does not do this, YOUR MONEY BACK.

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became to the dawn of U S television. Big advertisers began six years ago to transfer their budgets from network radio shows to television, leaving gaps in the schedule and budget of thousands of radio stations. Most program directors filled the spaces with free records and used a staff announcer as a disk jockey.

Unexpectedly, the recorded music programs turned out to be just what the public wanted. Housewives preferred to do their chores to radio music rather than turn on the television. Adolescents, the most music-hungry of all age groups, found that only radio was offering them music after school. Businessmen trapped in traffic jams at five o'clock listened to their car radios. Advertisers discovered that even a one-minute commercial on a disk jockey's program was a rewarding investment. Record programs began to be monstrous money makers for small stations.

Record companies simultaneously were discovering that disk jockeys were all the promotion a record needed. Previously records had been advertised by posters and lists of new releases in record-store listening booths. Every company published a monthly supplement listing new records. Customers pored over the lists, listened to dozens of records before making their selections.

After record shows began to dominate radio schedules, record companies dispensed with the supplements and posters and concentrated on befriending the disk jockey. Singers who visited a disk jockey at the studio observed that the jockey gallantly played the singer's records, sometimes for days afterwards. What started as a simple goodwill gesture rapidly became a ritual; all entertainers found themselves compelled to visit all disk jockeys.

Jeri James, who was 1952's leading female recording artist, has been interviewed by as many as forty-five disk jockeys in one week while maintaining a schedule of six shows a day in a theatre.

With such emphasis on their importance, disk jockeys soon were in a splendid bargaining position. Their salaries were only exceeded by their salary demands, a situation that attracted some unexpected personalities to the profession. Paul Whiteman, the orchestra leader, became a disk jockey and so did a comedian named Henry Morgan, a former baseball pitcher named Dizzy Dean, a sports announcer named Ted Husing, a singer named Dorsey Day and folk comedians Amos and Andy.

In spite of this rain of talent, the best-paid disk jockey in the world is still Martin Block, who invented the widely copied Make Believe Ballroom. Block originated the Ballroom according to legend, when he was the stand-by announcer during the tedious trial of kidnapper Bruno Hauptmann. To fill gaps while waiting for news, Block played records he had purchased at a nearby record store and fancifully pretended that he and the customers were in a ballroom hung with crystal chandeliers.

The Make Believe Ballroom made its official debut in 1934 and five years later Block added greetings from musicians and singers. Hello, Martin. The voice would say warmly. "It's wonderful to see you again and be a guest in your ballroooo." Frequently Block had never met the owner of the voice at all.

Block now receives five thousand dollars a week for a four hour daily stint over WABC in New York—a wearing ordeal that he lightens by recording the first two hours of it during the morning. As a result half of Block's show is a recording of recordings, which some aesthetics feel is a crowning absurdity.

A list of the most important U S disk jockeys, in the eyes of record companies, does not include Block at all. They are a former lawyer named Howard Miller of Chicago, who earns about $150 000 a year; a graduate in psychology, Bill Randle of Cleveland, who is said to make $60,000 a year; and a former announcer, Ed McKenzie, of Detroit, whose salary is close to $90 000.

McKenzie also known as the Bell Boy, has such importance that the mayor of Detroit designated last Nov. 20 as "Ed McKenzie Day" and most citizens felt the disk jockey had received a richly deserved tribute.

Howard Miller, who is married to singer June Valli, exerts his influence through ubiquity. By recording his recorded shows, he is able to appear on several radio stations throughout the day and when he chooses to plug a song he can play it thirty times daily without repetent strain.

But the most effective disk jockey of them all, from a record company point of view, is Bill Randle, of Cleveland. Randle thirty one, speaks in an earnest, scholarly tone that vibrates in every record company's head office. Often when he is playing a new record, record companies excitedly get out mimeographed news releases to every disk jockey advising them that "Randle is on it." Record dealers in the Cleveland area ask record distributors anxiously "Is Randle on it?" They don't want to stock any more if Randle isn't playing it.



Randle's flair for pushing records that become national best sellers rests largely on his contact with thousands of loyal teen-agers who never miss his show and are quick to write or phone him if they like a new record. To keep a finger firmly on the pulse, Randle visits high schools two or three times a week, bringing with him entertainers who give free shows in the school auditorium. Randle asks the grateful teen-agers if they admire the new Perry Como he's playing. "If I don't get a reaction from the kids in two or three days, I drop the record," he explains. "In this business it is just as important to know when to stop playing a record as it is to know when to start."

Randle is credited with launching some dazzling careers and renewing others. Tony Bennett was at the end of his singing days playing a small night club in Cleveland when Randle arranged for him to give free shows to teen agers. Randle vigorously plugged Bennett's last record, Because of You, which was to have ended the singer's contract. Cleveland youngsters bought 20,000 copies of it. Bennett's expiring career was revived.

Similarly Randle befriended Johnny Ray and built up a following for the emotional singer by introducing him to high-school audiences. The first of Toronto's many successful quartets, the Four Lads also received a record contract on Randle's suggestion. When the next Toronto quartet, the Crew Cuts, arrived in Cleveland they auditioned for Randle and he made a phone call that resulted in their contract with Mercury Records.

Randle has equal dominion in discovering unusual songs. A casual suggestion to Mercury led to the Crew Cuts making Sh-Boom; Randle mentioned to a Victor Record executive that Crying in the Chapel was a good song and June Valli's ensuing rendition of it sold 800 000 copies. Randle also discovered Skokiaan, a South African folk song obtained for him by an ouriental pilot, and gave a copy of the record to band leaders Ray Anthony and Ralph Marterie and the Four Lads. All three made records the following day and all three records sold well. The Four Lads made about thirty thousand dollars in royalties from their record.

How to Plug a Hit Song

Randle's persuasiveness as a record seller is matched in other fields of salesmanship. He delivers the commercials for his ninety-seven sponsors without a script and is so effective that his station, WERE, has a waiting list of sponsors and draws a revenue of $600,000 a year from Randle alone.

Other U S disk jockeys have signalled Randle's achievements, though not as consistently. Kurt Webster in the Carolinas, had a fondness for a sixteen year old Ted Weems record of Heart aches and played it until the demand caused Decca to reissue it.

Randle's friend Bill Silbert of WMGM in New York acts at the same time as a talent agent. As such he is entitled to a percentage of his talent's earnings when the songs or tunes he plugs become popular. (He won't say who his clients are.) In addition to that he gets thirty thousand a year for his one hour-a-day show. Other disk jockeys have other sidelines. Norman Prescott in Boston owns part of a travel agency that arranges week ends in New York for as many as two thousand teen agers at a time. Prescott lures his clients with free shows by such prominent entertainers as Eddie Fisher. Popular singers have become adjusted to the demands of disk jockeys and rarely endanger good relations with the jockey by refusing to perform free.

Most of these arrangements by which a disk jockey has his own enterprise are impossible in Canada where radio stations often have all records picked out by librarians and approved by program directors. CBC stations also prohibit repeated mention of any night club, mention of the record manufacturer and over-effusive introductions to any record.

Disk jockeys on the CBC are not permitted to build up records to compel people to buy them. Bob McGall, former manager of CJBC in Toronto, recently commented. McGall is now Toronto television program director. "Our disk jockeys can comment esthetically on the record, such as 'I like the horn work on this number' but they aren't record salesmen. In addition we have a music clearance department that watches how often records are played."

A factor in the absence of bitterness

PUSH VALVE . . . OUT COMES LATHER!

AERO SHAVE

AERO SHAVE *Lather Bomb*

NO BRUSH, NO RAZOR CLOG!

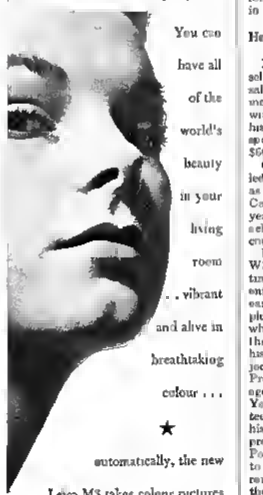
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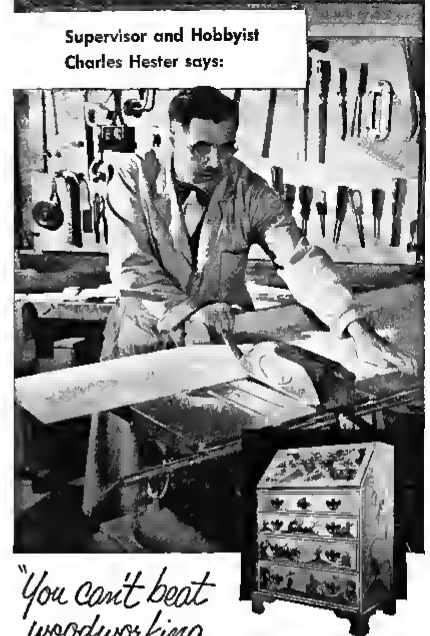
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"... and you can't beat the Beaver 8" Circular Saw for simplicity of operation and performance. It's the basic tool for any home workshop."

Woodworking enthusiasts everywhere will agree with Charles Hester... Because the Beaver Circular Saw has a reputation for versatility. It can be used for rip or cross-cutting, mitre work, spiral turning, rebabbing and many other woodworking operations. With it you can build bookcases, cupboards, tables, desks and many other useful pieces of furniture. And you'll enjoy every minute of it, too... because woodworking is interesting and relaxing.

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All weather Veedol 10-30 Motor Oil combines grades 10w, 20w and 30 for the quick, fast starts of 10w oil with the protection and low consumption of a 30 grade oil. Easier starting saves your battery too!

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among Canadian disk jockeys is that all records are received in this country from one to six weeks after their U.S. release. Records sold in Canada are manufactured here. The average time lag between shipping the master record from New York and Chicago and its arrival at a Canadian radio station or record store is two weeks. In the interval the U.S. market has clearly indicated, in most cases, whether or not the record is a hit. Canadian disk jockeys are reluctant to swim upstream by displaying any warmth toward a record Americans don't like. Past performance has shown that every hit of best-selling records in Canada is a faithful reproduction of a weeks-old list produced in the U.S.

In spite of their restrictions some Canadian disk jockeys do well. One of the best paid is Toronto's Keith Sunely whose honey voice on CKEY earns him twenty thousand dollars a year according to his boss, Jack Keet Cooke. Elwood Glover of rival CJBC commands about twenty-five thousand through salaries as an announcer and member of panel discussions.

Conditioned to the demands and popularity of U.S. jockeys, entertainers visiting Canada treat the Canadian disk jockeys as bigshots too. But not all of the listeners. Lloyd Chester, a Montreal disk jockey on station CKCF, created a stir a few weeks ago when he played the same record Teresa Brewer's I Gotta Get My Baby eighteen times in an hour and five minutes. He wasn't imitating any American disk jockey methods. He announced, with some bitterness, that he was sowing the public three months of listening by getting it over with all at one night. Disgruntled listeners complained to the police and a cruiser arrived to investigate.

A Rancous Sort of Rhythm

Most Canadian disk jockeys like Glover are held to a salary by their stations and make the fattest part of their income in outside work such as television commercials. One Montreal disk jockey, Jacques Normand, is believed to make better than $50 000 because he doubles as an actor. Quebec City's Jean St. Jacques, an affluent free-lance disk jockey, delighted his fans by purchasing the plastic roofed hansome in which the Duke and Queen Elizabeth rode during their visit to Canada.

A Vancouver disk jockey, Lloyd Hoole of CJOR has the distinction of being least like the average disk jockey. He avoids hit-parade records, novelties and jazz and concentrates on music he says he wouldn't turn off if he heard it on his own radio. Like other disk jockeys he pays attention to which records result in phone calls to the station—but for a different reason. "When a record I've played passes without comment, then I know it was ideal for my show."

But this country does have a few disk jockeys with thousands of fans and who are known to U.S. operators. Vancouver's Jack Cullen plays noisy bouncy music favored by teen-agers. Toronto's Barry Nesbitt, a handsome former singer and actor who works for Foster Hewitt's CKFH, has introduced a rhythm and blues disk jockey show to Canada.

Rhythm and blues is a type of raucous and pulsing music that has been a rage of U.S. teen-agers for the past ten years. Nesbitt who is also disk jockey on shows featuring hill billy, modern and British music plays rhythm and blues over Saturday in a Toronto dancehall. He watches in fascinated horror as gum-chewing youngsters in windbreakers and tight sweaters dance ecstatically with a curious hip weaving motion. "Sh-Boom came out of the rhythm-and-blues field," shrugs Nesbitt, "and so did Shake, Rattle and Roll. It's the comeback thing and I might as well play it."

It is possible that the shadow cast by a television antenna may eventually shade all radio disk jockeys. Last November an unknown eighteen year-old named Joan Weber sang Let Me Go Lover off camera during a television drama. With no a few weeks Columbia Records had sold 600 000 copies of her record and four other singers, Teresa Brewer, Peggy Lee, Patti Page and June Valli, had made copies. Jackie Gleason followed by playing a song My Love Song To You on his comedy show. The record sold 250 000 copies in two days.

Record companies paused and sniffed the wind. It appeared that radio disk jockeys might no longer be the only outlet a new record can have. But the ubiquitous jockeys are already moving into TV.

Philadelphia's Bob Horn, a middle-aged former announcer originated the new popular scheme of filling a television studio with 250 to 300 teenagers so they can dance to the records he selects. Cameras play over the youngsters and each program is graced by a guest celebrity who pretends to sing while one of his records is played and then dances with the teen-agers. Horn has no difficulty finding young stars who aren't camera-shy. One of his regulars, in fact, has established his own fan club.

Horn used the visual advantage his show has over radio disk jockeys to promote a record by Ray Anthony called Bunny Hop. Anthony taught Philadelphia's teen agers how to dance the Bunny Hop and they purchased 65 000 copies of the record. There is no question that Horn was responsible in the entire U.S. only 85,000 copies of Bunny Hop were sold.

In New York a television disk jockey named Paul Dixon works in an empty theatre employing only a record turn table, the camera, an artist who draws illustrations while some of the records are playing and two girls who with Dixon do "lip-singing." This art was given wide publicity a few months ago when Marie Lanza sang several songs during a television program with a voice he had recorded two years previously. The trick involves perfect synchronization of lip movement with the voice on the record.

Guests on such shows naturally lip-sing their own records, thus adding to the confusion. Canada's Shirley Harmer who flies between a television show in Toronto and a radio show in New York every week, recently was lip-singing her latest record on the Dixon show when she forgot the words. Her voice faded on while Shirley sat in front of the camera with her mouth pokered.

In spite of their riddims it seems certain that disk jockeys will last as long as the record business which has never been in better shape. The United States has an estimated twenty five million record players and Canada has one million. With such a market, records and professional spinners of records are bound to thrive.

And as long as there are disk jockeys, they are bound to have some nagging personal problems. For instance in Cleveland Hill Randle recently complained "Howard Miller has a fifty thousand-dollar yacht and Martin Block once owned a hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of cars." He sighed: "I've never owned more than five cars in my life." ★

because you admire old crafts



Tlingit Indian Mask from Alaska

THIS HISTORIC SCOTCH IS FOR YOU, because it too is a product of an old, old craft—direct from Speyside, heart of Scotland's whisky country. We first imported this rare old Scotch in 1701 exclusively for our company officers and we shared it with no one for more than a century. Now you can enjoy it too—Best Procurable Scotch—the culmination of centuries of whisky-making.

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HUDSON'S BAY

Best Procurable

SCOTCH WHISKY

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

to go up by another 8,200 in 1955-56. Total civil-service salaries and wages were $515 millions in the fiscal year just ending; they'll go up to $554 millions in the year ahead.

This doesn't mean that the savings are all phoney and the laments all lies. Personnel requirements are still going up because the five-day week is spreading through the civil service district by district and department by department. Civil service salaries have been increased, name the sore to keep them anywhere near in line with other salaries. A few "developmental" departments such as Northern Affairs are still, even in these times of economy being allowed to expand. Allowing for these more or less uncontrollable increases in manpower and wage costs you find in the estimates a real tightening and squeezing of staffs in all departments. But even these don't have to result in actually throwing people out of work.

An example of what happens when a department is told to economize is the International Service of the CBC which had to cut $657 000 from the $2.4 millions it got for this current year.

On paper the carnage is frightful. From a total establishment of just over two hundred, no fewer than fifty jobs have had to be lopped. One European division, the Finnish, has been abolished. Scandinavian, Dutch and Italian services have been cut to half or less, and the French and English services reduced. Jobs in the newsroom have disappeared as four daily newscasts in English have shrunk to one. Total reduction in salaries is $206 000 not counting a drop of $130.000 in fees to performers.

Yet, strangely enough, less than a dozen people will be left without employment when the March 31 deadline arrives—perhaps none at all. All this writing there are still optimists who hope to find a job either inside or outside the CBC for every displaced man and woman.

The search for jobs began last fall when it became known that the 1955-56 estimates would be sharply cut. Normal staff turnover took care of some, and of course there were no replacements from outside. Transfers from one division to another were made wherever possible. The vacated jobs ceased to exist. All those in jeopardy were warned to look out for other employment, and the corporation itself kept an eye open too.

This has been the pattern in all departments where cuts have occurred. Normal turnover in the civil service runs around fifteen percent a year. Even the Treasury Board didn't propose that replacements should be cut off altogether. Ottawa learned long ago the drawbacks of hiring by fits and starts—but it did insist that more transfers should be made within the service. This can be very annoying to department heads who knew whom they want and who must take instead the leavings of some other department.

Gifte Shoppe

You look about and wonder who
Would pay so much for such a trifle
This antique problem puzzles you
Till suddenly you find your wife'll.

JOHN M. GRAY

The day the TV picture shrank



"Might be a condensation," said Mom.

"You mean condenser," Pop snorted. "Might be at that—or a tube."

Brother Will thought it could be atomic radiation.

But only Gramp had the right answer. "Not enough current," he said.

"You know," Gramp went on, "I can remember when one light bulb in every room was really living high. Then more lamps came in—washing machines, electric stoves and a whole pack of others. To make them all work right, people had to have extra current. Now we've made another big jump—with refrigerators—electric kettles—automatic toasters—TV—and to keep them all going strong we need even more current!"

"I'll fix that," said Pop. "Put in some bigger fuses right away."

"Want to burn the house down?" Gramp yelled. "Bigger fuses are no dang good. It's the wires that are overloaded! What we need is Adequate Wiring. Call in an electrical contractor. Get more outlets in this house—more wiring circuits—a bigger fuse box. That's Adequate Wiring—and that's the answer!"

"But we can't afford to do that," Mom said.

"You can afford a few bucks a month, can't you? Well," Gramp tweaked his moustache and puffed up his chest, "YOU CAN BUY ADEQUATE WIRING ON TIME PAYMENTS—THROUGH ANY ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR!"

Mom and Pop reached for the phone book at the same time.

80% of Canadian Homes Need Adequate Wiring

How about your home? If your TV picture shrinks—if the lights dim and when you plug in the iron or the electric kettle—if fuses keep blowing—then it's time to seriously consider Adequate Wiring. Get all the facts. Send for the free booklet "getting the most from your home's electric system." And if you're planning to build get the facts now! Remember, 12% of all fires are caused by abused or inadequate wiring!

TRIANGLE

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MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FULL DETAILS TO—

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☐ I belong to a group who would like to see a color-sound film on Adequate Wiring

NAME

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CITY PROV. PHONE

*A non-profit organization representing the Canadian electrical industry to promote a higher standard of electrical living

bet it's hard to prove it will seriously affect the efficiency of the Canadian government service

SOME OLD HANDS around Ottawa, far from feeling alarmed lest the cuts have gone too far are cynical enough to doubt that the new economy trend will ever go far enough to make much difference The trouble is, they say, that there is simply no incentive to economy in the government service

That may sound like a harsh criticism of bureaucrats but it is not. Any man worth his salt thinks his work is worth doing and he'd like to expand it need he can easily convince you that it should be expanded in the public interest. Finance officials are notorious tightwads since they're the ones who have to find the money but it was a senior Finance official who remarked the other day that "the government could usefully spend five hundred millions more than it is spending now each year doing things the people would like to have done."

It's a matter of judgement how much of this "useful" service Canada can afford Naturally the men who are doing each job are biased in its favor.

But even when the job is usefulness has declined to the vanishing point there is still a strong human temptation to let it go on Getting it out means disturbing people, perhaps even dismissing people and leaving them jobless No humane man likes to do that if he can avoid it and it the civil service he usually can avoid it

A textbook example of this reluctance to be too harsh with obsolete staff is the Physical Fitness Branch of the Health and Welfare Department a branch that will cease to exist on March 31

Health and Welfare didn't want Physical Fitness in the first place—the cost was dumped on the department in its infancy Last year the department itself, not the Treasury Board decided the time had come to repeal the Physical Fitness Act and discontinue the principal functions of the branch. This repeal cut off a lot of grants to provinces, and saved the federal treasury $150 000

But having gone that far the department couldn't be quite hard-hearted enough to abolish the whole branch at one blow Its staff was still plugging away at work that had always been accepted as useful The department worked out a scheme whereby the staff of eleven would be reduced to eight (three had left anyway) and its budget cut from $75 000 to $50 000 In another year this would go down to $25 000, and in the third year disappear altogether

At this point the Treasury Board intervened to say No dice" Since parliament had repealed the Physical Fitness Act, parliament presumably was not the fenetions discontinued now The new $50 000 budget was rejected and the branch abolished

However this didn't create any actual unemployment The decision was made last fall and this gave the department time to look around By March 31, except for those who have left for other jobs or for maternity or retirement every Physical Fitness staffer will be working somewhere else in the Department of Health and Welfare

If this happened to a branch that nobody wanted you can imagine how hard it is to dislodge a service that the deputy minister thinks essential to the public welfare Most of them think that of all the services, however lowly, that they have in their charge.

On top of the pressure of he same sympathy is the pressure of politics. Jobs are held by voters and even the six ministers on the Treasury Board itself are all politicians

"They're Jekylls and Hydes," said a veteran bureaucrat gloomily "I've often had a minister call me to ask for his own department or his own riding, a favor which he himself had refused to another department the day before."

Of the six Treasury Board members only the Ministers of Finance and National Revenue, who have to find the money, have any personal stake in economies The rest, however hard they may try to be objective and safeguard the taxpayers' money, can't help having mental reservations Each must remember at the back of his mind, that if he sides with the Minister of Finance against another colleague today, that colleague may side with the Minister of Finance against him tomorrow

In the light of all this you can realize what an achievement it was to cut $4 5 millions out of the civilian estimates. You can also realize why the cynics don't expect the trend will last. ★

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service

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OLD VIENNA BEER
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FULLY MATURED
O'KEEFE'S BREWING COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, WINDSOR AND OTTAWA, CANADA

Thanks for the compliment.
Your liking for Old Vienna has made
it Canada's most popular
and largest selling beer.

What It's Like to Work Underwater

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

rubber hose that arched over my shoulders like something worn by a man from Mars

Forty minutes left now—I must swim quickly I cleared my ears again from the pressure which at eighty feet pressed on the two thousand square inches of my body with a weight of thirty six tons.

Suddenly I was enveloped by hundreds of silvery mackerel the most beautiful swimmers in the sea just as suddenly they disappeared into the murk Beyond four feet I could barely distinguish the rusty metal of the ship's hull. Beyond eight feet was nothing Above me was nothing no men, no boat no sky—only silvery air bubbles.

I swam along the railing of the ship and over the forecastle that had been blown off and noted the angle of the hull as she lay on her starboard side Her port side was ripped in several places and little fish swam in and out of the dark openings I swam over the forward deck and plunged into the blackness of an open hold It was like dropping into a bottle of ink I looked for a pinpoint of light in the hold that would indicate a rupture to be plugged before raising her Not a millimetre of light, only red spots before my eyes—the pressure was doing its work I gulped compressed air into my mask to equalize the pressure

I looked for the opening of the hold Blackness! I looked down Blackness! I twisted to see my bubbles—a diver can sometimes lose his sense of up or down and the bubbles tell him I could not see my bubbles in the dark

Bubbles Clog the Blood

For a moment I felt panic Holding my breath I listened for the clink of air bubbles on metal Silence! But I knew that if I swam in one direction I should bump into something and could then feel my way out.

With hands extended I swelled with my fins I touched something and drew back. I recognized it as wet paper pulp that I had been told formed part of the cargo The jelly feel was repulsive Hand over hand I felt over the slimy stuff to determine in which direction it had been stacked I found a strand of heavy wire and followed it but it just led back and forth. I was lost.

I lowered my face and spat into my mouthpiece, then tossed my head up. If I was facing upward the saliva would flow back into my mouth It did I followed the wire again As suddenly as it had become dark it became light. I was out.

Up through the green water I rose, heading back to the launch on the surface. I was slowly decompressing the nitrogen that pressure had forced into my blood and tissues. I was careful to move no faster than twenty five feet a minute, to allow the expanding bubbles of nitrogen which had been forced into my blood under pressure to escape from my veins If I rose faster the nitrogen would fizz out of my blood like gas out of a quickly opened bottle of champagne These bubbles clogging my blood vessels and pressing on my nerves especially at shoulder elbow and hip joints are what cause "the bends" The pain is excruciating

My ears cracked, the expanding pressure in my sea mask nearly lifted it off my face At last hands helped me over the side of the pitching launch and into another breathing set.

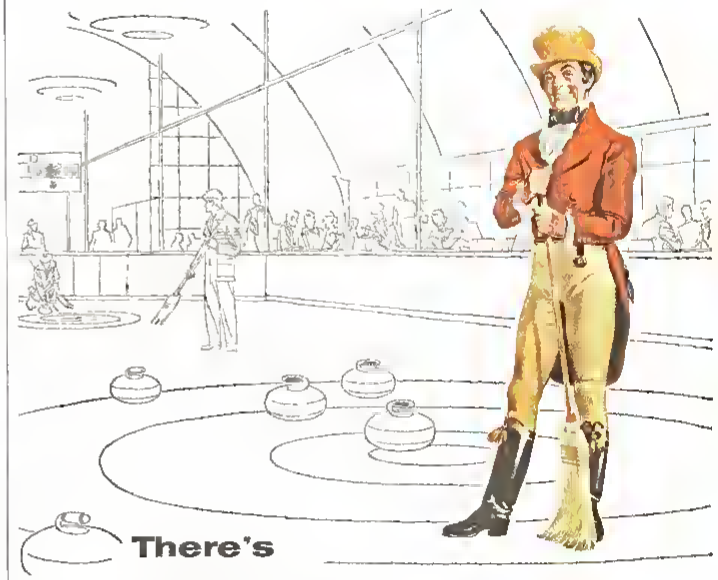
In twenty minutes—after a cigarette, a brief report to the salvage man but coffee—it was back to the ship with camera and flash bulbs for pictures of the sunken ship pictures that would show the conditions with which the salvage men would have to deal With my Rolleiflex strapped about my neck in a special underwater case with flash attachment, I took pictures of the decks the bridge the holds the bottom in which she lay in nine feet of mud One by one the wasted flash bulbs shot to the surface

The pressure, the cold the exertion all took away my air And now the weight was almost gone from my cylinders.

I hooked a leg carefully over a steel wire hawser to get a better shot of a large fracture in the ship's side I took the picture and tried to swim up My air had given out I cracked the five minute safety reserve and tried again to rise I couldn't I was caught Some strands of the old hawser had broken and their needle-sharp ends had penetrated my suit and held grimly to my woolen underwear They worked their way under the skin of my leg

I cursed myself for diving without a lifeline. I surged this way and that. With a rip I came free of the clutching hawser, the leg of my rubber suit in shreds, my own leg spurting blood I tried to control my ascent but I was frankly frightened Up I zoomed, exhaling as hard as I could to hold my breath meant certain lung rupture from expanding internal pressure The deep sea diver with his heavy gear and weights seldom is afflicted with lung rupture or air embolism because he is not pulled to the surface rapidly A frogman must watch his speed.

I broke surface, flipped off my sea



There's nothing more enjoyable

Ready for the final stone of the last end, then into the warm atmosphere of the lounge for a toast to the victors Scotland's age-old game and "Scotland's favourite son" are enjoying an ever-increasing popularity in Canada, and to discerning curlers, there's nothing more enjoyable than discussing the one—while relishing the velvety smoothness of the other



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Still going strong

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Fine Old Scotch Whisky
Available in various bottle sizes

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mask and swam a hundred feet to the boat I winced when the boatman poured iodine over my leg

The next day I went down again and got more pictures—pictures of a lonely broken ship on her side in the gloom I told my employer I didn't think she was worth salvaging, and he agreed She is still there

It would be wrong to say that these were routine dives. Too many things went wrong—getting lost in the ship's hold tangling with the frayed hawser almost running out of air A diver doesn't meet such onslaughts every day But he always tries to be ready for accidents after a while he half expects them

I have been exploring the sea for twenty years as a boy in swim trunks, as a navy diver in cumbersome salvage gear and as a frogman with my mask fins and air cylinders looking under water at a life and scene few men ever get to see Today I do underwater surveys and photography for a living as the only professional frogman on Canada's Atlantic coast

At first the ocean's depths frightened me as I think they must frighten all

What skin diver Sweeney sees Beneath the Surface



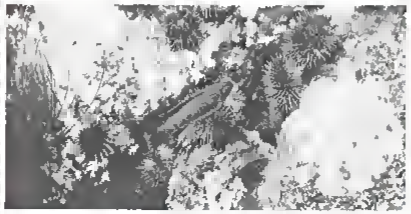
Sixty five feet down he watches fish change color in delirise.



Where wharf pilings hit bottom the starfish creep and shimmer.



Clinging to a reef, this lovely plant is only ten feet down



Spiny sea urchins offer small fish protection from predators

A Tribute to the Men of Canada's Trucking Industry by the makers of DUNLOP Tires . . .

MAROONED in a Raging Blizzard on highway 2



When Mr and Mrs Frank Brown* accompanied by their 11 month-old baby left Chatham, Ontario on Highway #2 late one winter afternoon, the sky was clear and they looked forward to a pleasant uneventful trip



But the weather changed suddenly the night turned black and a severe blizzard blew up Snow began drifting over the road Finally on a deserted stretch of the highway, the car stalled in heavy drifts.



Despite Brown's frantic efforts to move the car, it remained stuck fast. To keep themselves warm, the engine of the car was left running But the car soon ran out of gas, the engine cut out and the cold began creeping in



It was in this predicament that Mr Fred Huggins, 37 year old truck driver found them. He immediately took charge, first moving Mrs Brown and the baby into the warm cab of his transport. Then he put newspapers over the rad grill and revved up the engine.



Huggins managed to warm the baby's milk in front of the cab heater and soon the baby was contentedly sleeping in its mother's arms.



The Browns were marooned from 11 p m until 8 a m when a snow plough got through. Huggins then secured gas for their car and saw them safely away.



MR FRED HUGGINS has been driving for Overland Express, Woodstock, Ontario since 1947. He is married and has two daughters His unselfish assistance to the Browns is typical of the unsung services truck drivers are constantly performing for the public.



DUNLOP "TRANSIT"

Advanced "dimensional" design gives you up to 35% greater mileage Recommended for bus or truck load service where long mileage and low cost per mile are major factors. Features a 5 rib pattern with a deliberate depth 25% flatter tread to distribute the load for longer life.

*Fictional name

DUNLOP TIRES

$100 FOR SIMILAR EXPERIENCES—Dunlop-Canada will award a $100 wrist watch for any incident which upon verification is published in this series. If the same incident is reported more than once the report bearing the earliest postmark will receive the award

divers some time. Now, I'm aware of the dangers in diving but nothing could stop me from going back again and again to see more of the bottom of the sea—a mystery we've hardly begun to explore.

Divers are a strange breed of men. Ask a diver why he dives and he'll probably answer: "Why does a mountain climber climb?" He doesn't really know why he chose diving except that he wanted to be a diver.

There are two kinds of divers: deep-sea and frogmen.

The deep-sea or salvage diver is a sort of underwater mechanic who goes down on a wreck or wharf or underwater construction and cuts, welds, pours concrete, and builds underwater railways that take ships out of the water on cradles. He's strong, alert and usually a Jack-of-all-trades in plumbing, machine work, electricity and seamanship.

A navy deep-sea diver takes a three-month course to begin with, and as his time in the service progresses he takes other courses which eventually lead up to the rank of master diver. At work he wears deep-sea equipment. This is the familiar metal helmet with air hose. The complete dress weighs about two hundred pounds. An eighty-five-pound lead belt is strapped around a thick canvas suit. On his feet the diver wears brass lead and leather "slippers" weighing about fourteen pounds each, and on his head a copper helmet weighing fifty-four pounds. To the helmet is attached a telephone cable which acts as a lifeline and an air hose connected to an air compressor topside. When he dives the deep sea diver receives his air from the air compressor, and he is raised and lowered to the bottom of the sea by a diver's tender. In deep-sea gear a diver can go down about three hundred and fifty feet on compressed air, usually however, he works in depths less than sixty feet.

Free-swimmers, frogmen, skin divers—all these mean the same. Frogman is the name given to wartime underwater swimmers and now is applied to those of us who do this kind of diving regularly. Skin divers dive mainly for sport. Free-swimming is an over-all classification for those who do not use a lifeline.

Unlike the deep-sea diver the frogman can zoom like an underwater bird any place. He can dive as deep as a deep-sea diver, but due to the limited amount of air he carries, a frogman can stay down only a limited time. Usually, wearing one air cylinder, a frogman can stay at a depth of thirty feet for one hour if he does not exert himself too much. The deeper he goes the more air he uses until at three hundred feet he has less than a minute on the bottom. Obviously this is theory—it would take him longer than a minute to swim down that far.

However, frog dives to 250 feet, using double compressed-air cylinders, are common, and dives to 160 feet are frequent.

My equipment weighs about a hundred pounds including rubber suit, double air cylinders, woollies, and weight belt. The complete gear cost me about eight hundred dollars. It can be bought for less but for year-round diving the complete outfit including watertight suit is necessary. Obviously I came to do the heavy underwater work of the deep-sea diver but I can do a great deal more in surveying, searching and photography.

There are about twenty men in the Maritime provinces who can be employed on diving jobs, using deep-sea gear. To my knowledge I'm the only civilian frogman.

The pay is good (about a hundred dollars a day) but it's not steady and I don't see any bright prospects of getting suddenly rich. Most divers quit by the time they're forty, but actually they can keep on diving as long as they're in good physical shape. I knew one diver in Bermuda who was still working at eighty.

Before you consider making a career of diving, however, you also have to consider the size of the risks involved. I tried recently to get extra insurance but was firmly refused. Insurance companies put divers in the same class with racing-car drivers, explorers and drivers of dynamite trucks, although some divers manage to get coverage at a high premium.

I don't believe the casualty rate of divers is especially high, but the dangers are there to make it high.

I got my first feel of the ocean when I was a boy in Bermuda. My brother Dick and I swam the reefs, explored the caves and searched for pirate treasure, we learned a great deal about the sea and began to understand it.

We did not know the scientific classification of the things we saw. But we found that an octopus would squirt ink in your eyes if you didn't keep them closed when you captured him. We learned that every undersea cave on the coral reefs holds a monster—a moray eel that snaps at you like a kennelled dog—and we learned that all sharks are not hungry. But most of all we learned the thrill of discovery.

We discovered a twin reef, with waving sea fans and yellow coral heads, and reef squirrel fish and azure angel fish. We named it the Jack and Dick reef.

The day we discovered it Dick had plunged forty feet into the turquoise waters, holding his breath. I waited at a canoe. We were four miles off shore. He surfaced with a gasp. "I've never seen anything so fabulous in all my life!" he yelped. "Go see yourself."

In an instant I was over the side, clutching a twenty-pound piece of border plate to my chest to reach bottom. Down-down I dropped glimpsing through my sea mask the wondrous profusion of animal rock that had built these reefs. I landed between two huge lilac-colored sea fans. A sea horse scurried up to my face plate, his old pot belly protruding importantly. He peered in at me. Who was the fish in the bowl now?

Little by little we learned the moods of the sea and searched for the creatures that inhabit its depths. When the war came Dick spent five disheartening years on North Atlantic convoy and now he is a Montreal motion picture executive.

Me? After the war I studied animals and plants and the physical characteristics of the sea, studied journalism to be able to write about them, and photography in a motion picture company to learn to take pictures under the sea.

I knew what I meant to do, but first I had to learn to dive. Here the Canadian Navy came to my rescue. I joined the naval reserve for a three-month tour of duty and was halfway through a gunnery course when I was asked to try out as a frogman.

I learned to dive in Halifax harbor in the winter—a cold and dreary place. Diving takes training, lots of training. The commercial diver learns by watching others and then by experience. The navy diver learns in the classroom long before he goes into the water.

First I was given a complete medical test—much like that taken by airplane pilots with special attention to ears and sinuses. Then there were days in the classroom learning the physics of gases and fluids, and the effects on the body of gases breathed under pressure. I learned about caisson disease or the "bends," air embolism, oxygen poisoning, carbon-dioxide poisoning, ear and sinus ruptures, nitrogen narcosis or "raptures of the deep."

These "raptures" are a mystery to medicine. They have been described as a heady intoxicating devil-may-care feeling that overcomes a diver at depths from a hundred to two hundred feet. There is nothing a diver le the "raptures" cannot do—even dive miles to the bottom—he thinks. I was overcome only once. Even though I was working on my air safety reserve, I had a fierce desire to stay down and keep on exploring. Fortunately I recognized the symptoms and got quickly to the surface. Some divers never come up.

I learned underwater signals, something of ship construction and all about diving equipment. After that I was taken out in a tender dressed in a deep-sea suit, had a metal helmet screwed over my head and was plunked thirty feet in or the side into the sea—dropped mid-le diving you start with fear. I was afraid. The pressure gripped the legs of my canvas diving suit like the grasp of an octopus. When I hit bottom (it was not at all like diving in Bermuda) and saw the buckets, coils of old rope and other litter take on the shape of a million frightening beasts the feeling of what the-hell am I-doing-down here took over. A reassuring tug on my lifeline and "Are you all right?"

I reached for the signal line and gave a tug back. "I'm OK."

I didn't mean it but that simple tug gave me the courage to dig my brass-tipped boots into the mud and start walking. I saw nothing but clouds of silt that obscured the dim light. And I crawled—I crawled in the mud for hours. When I surfaced I was told my total diving time was six minutes.

After two and a half years of navy diving and instructing, with week end and holiday expeditions off such places as Peggy's Cove, Moosehead, Halifax, Louisburg, Charlottetown and in St. Margaret's Bay. I left the navy in 1954 (my term of duty was completed) and plunged into scientific research under water.

Ocean Exploring is Costly

While training I had been hoarding up constantly on oceanography. First I learned something about sea water; then about the rocky basins in which the oceans lie, about the sediments in which much of the world's geological history is buried, and the shore lines and the places near shore where the lobster hide, and how corals build their living reefs. I learned about undersea mountains in the Atlantic that make the Rockies look like foothills. I became obsessed with the desire to visit every rocky cavern in the sea.

And now I turned to the life of the oceans, the plants and animals. I realized more and more in order to dive off the shore how little I really knew. When it came to that point I decided it was time to find out.

To explore the ocean costs money. Twenty years ago, when I started to explore the sea, I had not a penny to buy a pair of goggles. Eighteen years later underseas frog gear and cameras cost me more than $1 500. It was worth it for it enabled me to make an intriguing underwater discovery: the location of the sunken French fleet in old Louisbourg harbor, Cape Breton.

I fell into the project almost by accident last September while attending an oceanographic conference at Crystal Cliffs, near Antigonish, N.S. There were many learned oceanographers from Canada and the U.S. Among them was Prof. Harcourt Chisholm, an eminent and cheerful geologist from Acadia University, in Wolfville, N.S.

He introduced himself one day after a morning lecture.

"Ever hear of Louisbourg?" he asked.

I remembered the history of the old French fort in Cape Breton. Louisbourg was built in the early 1700s to protect French claims in North America. It was such a magnificent structure of walls, palisades, churches

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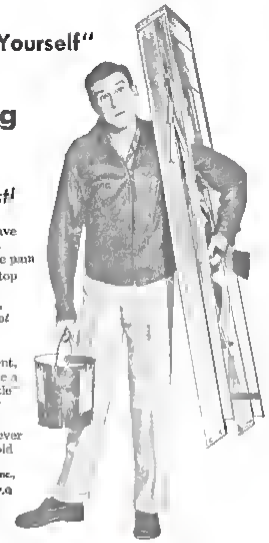
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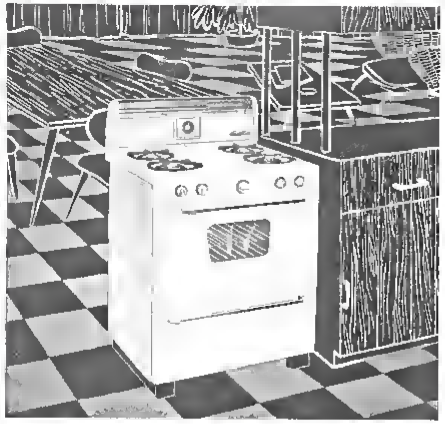


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Jordan Challenge Sherry and Port Wines

Had I at last found the French fleet that was burned at Louisbourg in 1744?

and wharfs that Louis XVI of France claimed he expected to awake one morning in his palace and see the walls of Louisbourg rising above the western horizon.

In 1744 Louisbourg was attacked by English forces and after four months of bloody siege the commander, Du Chambon, surrendered. During the fighting, however, the French trying to blockade their harbor against the English sank several ships across the harbor mouth.

"I have been working on historical sites for some time," said Cameron, "and I am certain we can get at those ships, but I know absolutely nothing about diving."

He had to say no more. We stayed up all that night poring over maps and charts and historical records. However it took several weeks of planning before we made a preliminary surface search over the waters of the harbor. We chose a spot from aerial photographs and anchored our fishing boat. I dressed in frogman gear, slipped over the side and swam down fifty feet below the surface.

I did not expect to find ten sunken ships complete and whole. During the battles these ships were torn asunder, some were burned to the water's edge. It was impossible to state in what condition they were to the bottom. After two hundred years any remains would undoubtedly be under several feet or tons of silt.

The first day I found absolutely nothing. A month later, in spite of the November wind and cold, we went back for another try. At night a plank in the morning we were out in the boat. I dressed in frog gear again and went over the side into the frigid water.

Through a leak in my rubber suit a trickle of cold water worked its way down to my middle and stayed there. I put my sea mask six inches above the harbor bottom and swam like mad to warm up, searching all the while.

The visibility was good—at least twenty feet usually in harbors it's four feet. I swam swinging my head from side to side in order to miss nothing in my search. I became colder and finally numb. My air stopped. I reached behind to crack my air safety reserve when I noticed a change in the bottom configuration and a depression in the sediment. I had to surface.

I waved for the boat and they sped over to me. I quickly changed air cylinders and went down again. It took me half an hour to find that depression. I dug into it with my knife and struck wood. Solid oak! I surfaced, called for an anchor and buoy to be dropped under me and plunged to the bottom. Sure enough, the depression was the exact shape and measurement of a burned ship's hull.

I made a wide sweep around the depression in widening concentric circles. Faster and faster I swam. My fins plate fagged and my brain fogged. Fortunately I recognized the symptoms of exhaustion and fagging fane pinte—deadly carbon dioxide. I stopped swimming, breathed deeply several times, flushed my lungs of the deadly gas and slowly continued my search.

When I surfaced I said little about the probable find, and that night I slept little. Was it really a ship? Was it the old Prudent which had been sheared and burned to the water's edge?

The next day I searched again. Toward the end of the cold day I noticed a strange cluster of coralline seaweed known as lithothamnion. It is a beautiful pink sea plant that often covers rocks with a deposit similar to the animal coral of tropical oceans. When I reached the pink seaweed I noticed that it grew in an arch about three inches out of the sediment. I shoved my hand under the arch and pulled it out again very quickly. A young lobster made this his home.

I stabbed him and shoved my hand under the little arch again. I swam away, but came back. I put both hands under the tiny arch by digging some mud away, placed my flipper squarely on the bottom and heaved.

I heaved again and again and then the growth began to give. It was like trying to break concrete with your bare hands. I unsheathed my heavy diving knife and pounded the pink encrustation with the handle. I hit it hard and some broke off and revealed the link of a chain.

Feverishly I dug with my hands, and part of the chain gave way. I took off my weight belt to mark the spot and surfaced. Professor Cameron seeing what I held in my rubber suited hand nearly fell overboard reaching for it. I quickly changed cylinders, tied a lifeline to myself and plunged back to my chain. This day ended with a storm, and the next day stormed again and we had to give up.

That single link of chain now rests in Cameron's laboratory at Acadia University. It is being analyzed to determine age, place of manufacture and effects of almost two hundred years in the sea. Me? I'm spending most of my time with books about the sea and the life under the sea—to fill in the time until I get back to the French fleet.

Diving is made up of many such experiences. The oceans covering seventy-one percent of the earth's surface, offer the last greatest challenge to geographical exploration. The wild and woolly west is nothing compared to the wild and wavy sea. ★

Morning After

A fireplace scatters a friendly light
That warms a bend in the roughest weather,
Shining out in the darkest night
And drawing a family closer together.

There's nothing to hang in the wintry blast
When the blizzards howl or the cold rain splashes,
And nothing disrupts a home so fast
As settling what's to clear out the ashes.

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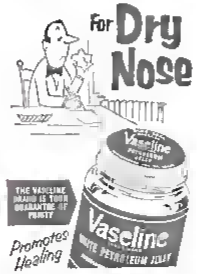
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THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR

Mailbag

Should the CBC Snitch On Santa?

Hearty congratulations on your Feb. 1 editorial, Should Children Run the Country? The nauseating mewlings of the blank blank Blankes are only slightly more revolting than the tyranny imposed on them and others by their unfortunate descendants.—Lex L. Mc. Killop, Vancouver.

● I quite agree with your editorial that the Santa Claus idea is a bit silly in the face of truth. We exchange gifts on Christmas to underline God's gift of His Son to us.

However, the following had me smiling. "Aiming usually in the name of their sheltered and presumably hunkward offspring, they (the Blanks) have obtained the outright suppression of more than one work of art. On grounds of religious faith, they have made it difficult, indeed almost impossible for certain scientists and philosophers to discuss their scientific and philosophic views over our national radio network."

Well, I have had to listen to these so-called scientists and philosophers paid by public taxes on the CBC and who call raw sex art. Sex is a masterpiece more beautiful than scientists and philosophers can say, but sex cannot indiscriminately be exposed to the public eye.—Rene LeMaire, The Pas, Man.

● The Santa Claus myth is beloved by all children, and as they grow older



they naturally realize it is only a myth. Let them enjoy childhood while they can, psychiatrists to the contrary notwithstanding. I am one of the Robert H. Blanks you criticize so ably.—Mrs. F. Streeter, White Rock, B.C.

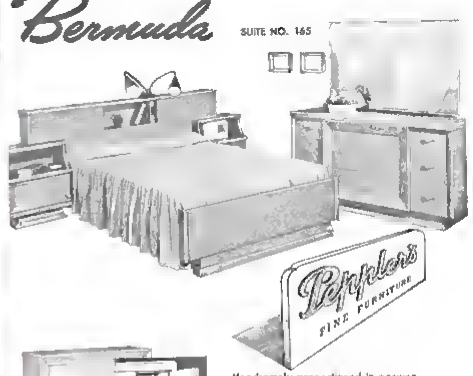
● Your Mr. Blank not only has the right but the duty to protest against the broadcasting of error by a radio system supported by his tax money. Your Mr. Blank also has the duty to insist that the books and magazines and newspapers appearing on newsstands are not such as to debauch our youth.

I don't think I have missed your real point—you are not really concerned about the Santa Claus issue, you hold the false notion that freedom of expression means freedom to broadcast or publish anything at any/all times regardless of how false it may be, with no protest from the public.—Mrs. J. L. O'Neill, Montreal.

● Your editorial was worth more than your annual subscription price. If as high from more editors followed your great example.—W. T. Ewen, Guelph, Ont.

● Our CBC should stand pat on open discussions on subjects pertaining to

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Handsomely proportioned in genuine mahogany, this skillfully crafted suite by Peppler's captures the sunny loveliness of warm sun, turquoise sea and coral sand. The styling is an interesting as Calypso, an lightbearing as a holiday. Chest clears open to reveal smart glass fronted drawers. Beds, a choice of twin style as shown or panel bed optional, both available in 4'6" or 3'3" sizes.

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John Labatt III challenged by his brother to brew an ale to celebrate his 50th Anniversary produced a great favourite—"50". A lighter smoother ale.

"50" just naturally goes with celebration. Its lighter, smoother flavour, its golden brightness and body all have a way of adding to the happy memories. Plan to have Labatt's Anniversary "50" on hand for your next Special Event! And why not make everyday thirst a cause for celebration too! Have a "50" soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's



How The Herb Mays Built Their Own Home

How do you butld a 90-foot house on a 40-foot budget? Herb May, nationally-known radio personality, met this problem when he began to plon his new home Using cheap, cast off tree centres, May, his wife, and friends built the house shell during evenings and weekends Read about this exciting home venture in the April issue of Canadian Homes and Gardens.

Planting Plans for a 50-ft. Garden

Here s a basic, small lot landscaping plan with three variations that will beautify your lot and provide the perfect setting for outdoor living Garden editor Jane E. Little supplies ideas, plans and a complete list of recommended plants, vines, shrubs and trees.

Decorating to your Personality

Your personal taste and personality play a big part in good decorating Here's a stimulating story that illustrates how your living room shows the kind of person you are feminine, casual, or sophisticated

APRIL ISSUE

Canadian homes and Gardens

A Maclean-Hunter Publication

on sale now at all newsstands

advanced thought on philosophy, religion and science.—Mrs Jane Montgomery, South Burnaby, B C

● The space might as well have been left blank.—J Melntyre, Egeeville, Ont.

● More power to your elbow —J S Hasrn Toronto

● I imagine anyone complaining about such a thing just because he happens to be paying the shot! Also, isn t it awful that in a Christian country so many people become irritated because their tax money is being used to insult them with anti-Christian propaganda?—E Malcolm Mattawa, Ont

● I was delighted with a he man editorial —J T Dawson, San Diego, Calif

Sympathy for Vancouver

The Depe Craze That's Terrorizing Vancouver (Feb 1) sent shivers down my spine That inferno depicted by McKenzie Porter is as ghastly as any thing Dante described I almost hated reading it, but something pushed me to the end In spite of the increasing horror I was most concerned by the almost hopeless tragedy of the young folk and the women Better that a millstone be tied around their necks and they be cast into the sea

The deep sympathies of this country will go to Vancouver —Mrs. Florence Julien, Brighton, Que.

● I read every word long before reaching the end I had come to the same conclusion reached by Rabbi Abraham Feinberg and the Rev John Kelly I would not have the death penalty applicable to addicts, but to those who are making money by causing them to be addicts and by selling them the dope —Henry C Childers, Ottawa.

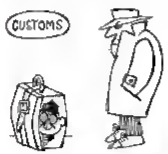
He Wants an Atom Battery

I have just read The Day the Atom Ban Will (Jan 15) I think an atomic battery of various sizes is possible to run appliances of all kinds They should be manufactured at Chalk River and sold to the public at prices according to size Thus truly would be atoms for peace.—James Donnell Brant, Alta

Chinese at the Customs

Last week I received my first copy of Maclean s which was a Christmas present from friends in Canada.

I want to tell you how much I



enjoyed it, particularly Blair Fraser s article on Formosa; as we do not get a true picture here. I also enjoyed The Case of the Smuggled Chinese In fact I enjoyed all the articles —A. Edward Hardman Arlington Va

Nelson's Last Words

You say (In The Editors Confidence, Jan 1) that three quarters of the opinions received from readers on your covers are favorable Well I am going to add mine to the remaining one quarter Perhaps the sober modest (ately, if you like) don t bother to write. To me the covers on the whole are grotesque crudely drawn, inartistic and almost humorless.

However as they are quite in keeping with modern trends ideas of good taste I imagine you will keep on with that style of cover; but as it is the contents that interest me I will go on subscribing as long as the contents keep an interesting me A good half do es at present —Bernard A Smith Nelson B C

Who Likes the Plouffes?

You say Meet Quebec s Most Famous Family (Feb 1) I say, No thanks.—E D Hale, Vancouver

● You state "Even the actors get carried away" That s exactly what



should happen to them —Mrs. W G Melrose Jr Regina

● One of the secrets of this famous Quebec family is that they haven t time to watch TV —S W MacGibbon, Lachute Que

Is Sterilization the Answer?

Blair Fraser s informative Asia Tackles Birth Control (Jan 15) presents a gloomy horizon I see no easy answer except the key to the whole problem—legalized voluntary sterilization of the male. This is a twenty minute procedure using local anaesthesia Such a minor operation can be done during a man s lunch hour Fifty years of medical record confirm the fact that no adverse effects follow such an operation A man s natural fear of impotency is dispelled by doctors assurance to the contrary

If sterilization were legalized for every father of four children the population of the world could become stabilized The present gloomy horizon would receive a ray of hope for the world s billions of future citizens delivered from the nightmare of mass starvation —Lee Blair Homos, Vancouver

● On the subject of birth control This country needs that, so why go abroad? You know the saying about the back yard—It applies Children brought into the world every year like rabbits, and in spite of baby bonuses, they die of malnutrition, are left in ramshackle huts to die in from dis ts parents wilful neglect Thousands of poor little kiddies do not know what it is to sit at a family table or to be fed and brought up in a decent home —Mrs E F Wood Oshawa, Ont.

The Gilmour System

Have just sat through Magnificent Obsession for the second time and rushed right home to check the Gilmour rating—baleh!

We have been trying for years now to interpret the "Gilmour System of What to See at the Movies —but so far the key to his code has completely eluded us. We tried going to his "poor" shows until some of them turned out to be "poor" but some of his "excellents" were even worse

Oh well—wish the guy a Happy New Year for us anyway —Helen and Bob Lord, Camrose Alta ★

Aches & Pains?

For strains sprains, rheumatic aches and pains, try Sloan s Liniment. Just dab it on—no rubbing required

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Do YOUR gardening the EASY power way

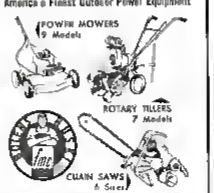
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The Hunch That'll Pay Off in Billions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

happened came close to civil war

Local residents particularly the farmers held strongly to the view that they owned their own meadows and that anyone invading them and driving claim stakes was trespassing Stakes driven during the daylight hours were yanked out after dark Dogs were set on busy prospectors More than one farmer s shotgun was loaded with buckshot or coarse salt. Appeals were made to the curé to the mayor and to the notary who could only tell his gleaming visitors they didn t own mining rights, but only held title to the surface and topsoil. The only happy man in the district was the owner of a local roadhouse, where rootering Montrealers could take geiger readings between drinks or while glowing around the only radioactive dance floor in the world

But the most dismayed and disgruntled people in the area were the Trappist brothers in their monastery Early in the rush a veteran Catholic mining man called on the superior s secretary with an offer to stake the church s property and earn the claims over to the order. Otherwise he claimed, the black Protestants would be driving corner posts in the truck garden any day now The good abbé was sceptical Surely nobody would trespass on a cloistered brotherhood The visitor continued to urge that he be allowed to stake right now The abbé demurred He would speak to the superior, however and see what could be done There the matter rested

News for Ribbon Clerks

But the tempo of a stakeup rush and of a monastic life are poles apart While the secretary waited for a favorable opportunity to bring the problem to higher attention the heathen swarmed over the monastery fences. To the brothers amazement, their buildings, gardens and fields were completely staked in one morning Some time later the Quebec government exhumed a heavy statute that everyone had forgotten and banned further staking in the counties around Oka But by then the damage had been done.

Such gunge as are not mentioned in the fact that uranium is a broad new business Until 1947 only the government could mine it So no prospector looked for it and private geologists didn t bother to study it The gold and base metal expert had to read and acquire field experience to gain knowledge of the techniques of finding and developing deposits

This may be news to those who believe that a ribbon clerk with a geiger counter has just as much chance to stumble on the workings of a new mine as has an experienced prospector But the fact is that no tyro has struck it rich in Canada The closest anybody has come was when Johnny Nesbitt discovered radioactive outcrops close to Eldorado s Beaverlodge several years ago Nesbitt wasn t really a novice, however He was a bush pilot flying for Eldorado to whom the pins of a geiger was no novelty Besides, his strike still isn t a producing mine.

One reason that search in Canada is not for the uninitiated is that we are looking for big ore bodies, not for rich little pockets that can be mined with two shovels and a wheelbarrow, as in the Colorado plateau in the United States. At the end of 1953 there were six hundred and twenty-five such



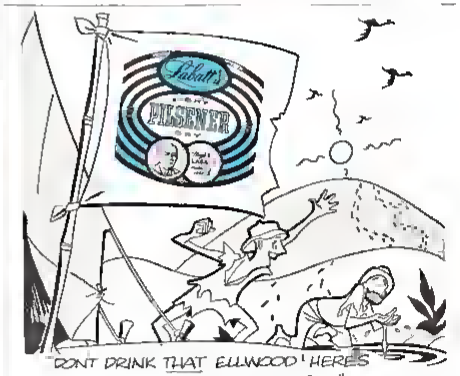
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Tested by brewmasters from seven other breweries, as Mr. Hugh F Labatt s request, Pilsener won enthusiastic praise "Light, dry, true Pilsener Beer!

Your first cool bottle of Pilsener proves it , nothing slakes thirst so completely so effectively as Labatt's Pilsener ! Introduce *your* thirst to that authentic Pilsener flavour—lighter than ale, drier than lager. *Refreshing!* All the pleasures of Pilsener are waiting , treat yourself to a Pilsener soon.

The swing is definitely to Labatt's

"miner" in the U S., no more than fifteen of which had ore reserves in excess of one hundred thousand tons Charlie Steele highly touted Utex is the biggest thing found so far to the U S Its reserves are rated at six hundred thousand tons, or less than two years mill feed for a plant like Pronto's. In Canada two government-owned mines at Beaverlodge and Great Bear Lake, and one small non-government operation, Hirshhorn and Joubin's Rix in Beaverlodge (it would be "big" in Colorado), are producing more uranium a year than the six hundred and twenty five south of the border.

We are now in undisputed possession of second place in the world uranium race and are creeping up on the Belgian Congo When Gunnar and Preston start producing uranium concentrates later this year and Preston's two Algoma giants join them in 1956, Canadian uranium production will soar.

What's more, our risk-capital ventures are being brought along without the government subsidies that know few bounds in the U S. In Canada a corporation must find its own property, raise its own money develop its ground, build its surface plant and block out enough ore to guarantee long life before the government will even talk to it. If and when all these items add up to a mine, the owners are offered a firm contract for so much uranium as they can produce.

When the current Canadian boom levels out, we shall probably have from twelve to fifteen producers, nearly all of them large industries. Individually, each will have cost millions before a wheel turns in its mill For example, it cost the government $25 millions to develop Beaverlodge without counting the four-year search that located it. The cost of putting Gunnar into production is reflected by a debenture issue of $19½ millions, following the earlier sale of common stock. Pronto's pre-production expenditures will be in excess of $7 millions. Preston new Algoma mines will have spent at least $40 millions before they deliver any uranium concentrate to Eldorado.

So we shall have spent a round one hundred million dollars to bring in five producers since World War II (The Rix was much less costly than the others, since it delivers raw ore to the nearby Beaverlodge mill.) At least as much has been spent on others now in various stages of development a number of them promising prospects. More millions have been poured into properties that didn't make the grade and have been abandoned for lack of uranium ore in commercial quantity and quality. We have indeed come a long way in a short time.

Much nonsense has been written about the most serious mineral search in Canadian history. We have had at least one staking rush that was almost spurious, in that it was organized for staking seven hundred and fifty-seven square miles in Saskatchewan ribandoned by earlier stakers mainly because it was no good. Tall tales have been told about the "Polish princess" who turned prospector and about "pretty housewives" who have gone north to make a killing.

But don't shy away from all prospect-stage uranium developments. There must be grassroots exploration and promoters to raise money from the public to finance it. Otherwise in five years the industry would be static. But when a citizen buys into a company offering shares at low prices to raise enough money to drill its claims, he had better realize he is buying a lottery ticket. If the thing were answered mine, the quotation would be in dollars not dimes. Moreover if his long shot folds it doesn't necessarily mean he has been trimmed but only that the uranium wasn't there in sufficient quantity to make a profitable mine.

Was Eldorado's Face Red?

It has been written that all Canada's major uranium discoveries have stemmed from miracles. Yes and no. The really miraculous aspect of the first strike at Great Bear Lake in 1930 was that Gilbert LaBine the discoverer was one of a very small group of men in Canada who could recognize pitchblende.

If the discovery of the second government-owned mine at Beaverlodge was a miracle, it was a calculated one. Beaverlodge resulted from an intensive search for new deposits that began in 1943 and continued for almost four years before a strike was made. The hunt was based at the Eldorado camp at Great Bear just twenty miles south of the Arctic Circle. But that was for security reasons. Had it been based at Edmonton the comings and goings of Eldorado's fleet of aircraft would have attracted too much public attention in the war years anything connected with uranium was as classified as a field marshal's battle strategy.

The hunt fanned out into every mineralized part of the Northwest Territories. Finally it spilled into northern Saskatchewan in 1946 when two Eldorado men, Einar Nelson and Phil St. Louis, faced the bugs and beg that is the core of the Beaverlodge workings.

Algoma was a miracle in the sense that it bore out Frank Joubin's unorthodox theories. Gunnar was another in respect to LaBine's beliefs. It has been said that Eldorado's face was very red indeed when Al Zeemel found the Gunnar, years after LaBine's strike. Nonsense. The government wanted risk capital to seek and develop deposits and was giving the venture operator every kind of encouragement short of financing in the hope that he would find new mines.

The real problem was to decide what price to pay for uranium to encourage capital to go looking for it. At first the government offered a figure slightly in excess of three dollars for a pound of concentrate containing ten percent U-308—that is uranium oxide. It wasn't enough. The price was increased until a figure of $7.25 was set. Even this would not justify heavy investment in low grade ore bodies, so Ottawa established a price-by cost arrangement under which such discoveries as those in Algoma can be mined at a reasonable profit.

Can Colorado Keep Going?

What will happen when present government contracts terminate in 1962? Nobody knows. But on intelligent guesses suggests that our supplies of uranium will remain under strict government control for many years to come. Moreover the government has an obligation to the venture operator because, indirectly at least, it brought him into the business.

Today's conditions of course cannot be permanent. The day will come when military effort will slacken and countries will be satisfied with the size of their weapon stockpiles. Then common sense indicates, the North American uranium picture will look something like this:

Canada will be the source of most of the continent's raw or partially refined material. The United States, which has spent billions on plant will be the major processor. Even now uranium for our own use is shipped to the U S for the final refining process and the United States sells back to Canada the rods that activate our pile at Chalk River.

And what about all those holes in the Colorado plateau, so few of which could be mined on a competitive basis with Canadian uranium mines? Already the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington has announced that present U S uranium deposits will be exhausted by 1962. It is urging Congress to encourage more prospectors by extending the uranium purchase limit beyond its present expiry date in 1962. Jesse Johnson, who heads up the AEC's raw materials division predicts that the present boom—or demand for uranium—will last for at least twenty to thirty years and that any setback in search and development of deposits will be very temporary.

Will the U S government go along with this idea or will it withdraw its support entirely and thus shut down all but a few mines below the border? That is anybody's guess. But there are signs already of agitation in Washington to abandon subsidies and buy uranium in the cheapest market. If this agitation works, Canada will be in an even more enviable position than now.

By then, according to Dr. John Convey, head of the Technical Branch of the federal Department of Mines and Resources, Canada may well have gone out ahead of the Belgian Congo in uranium production. If not, we shall at least have secured the raw material of atomic energy for our continent for all the foreseeable future. Because of her geographical situation, low mining costs, the uncomplicated metallurgy of her deposits and—as in the case of Algoma—their easy accessibility, our only competitor in a free uranium market could be the Belgian-owned mines. Such experts as W J Bennett, president of Eldorado, Gilbert LaBine and Franc Joubin predict that even Congo competition could be overcome with ease.

Scientists and many big industrialists believe that the atomic revolution is here now. The fetere defies the imagination. John Jay Hopkins, president of General Dynamics, and head man of Canadair, says: "I foresee that the atomic revolution will transform not only power travel, transport and communications but will revolutionize our economics, our social customs, our medicine, our finances, our politics and our biology."

Canada is about to construct its first pilot plant for the manufacture of electricity from atomic energy and will undoubtedly go on from there to major projects operated by utilities corporations or by the provincial hydro commissions.

Even after the turbines are installed at Bermuda Island as part of the St. Lawrence Seaway project Ontario will be facing a power shortage great enough to threaten its industrial expansion. And the elements answer lies in the atom. Scientists at Chalk River and in the National Research Council in Ottawa are working full time on the development of "peaceable" uses of the new energy.

We have tremendous resources of uranium ore, pound of which (as the U-235 isotope) contains the power latent in 1 300 tons of coal, 360 000 gallons of gasoline or 2,360,000 kilowatt hours of electricity. No matter what the atomic revolution portends, Canada is sitting in a ringside seat. ★



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THE DAY THEY CARVED UP CANADA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

possessed more wisdom, knowledge and talent than all the experienced diplomats of England, France and Spain combined, as they at once proceeded to demonstrate.

But in the considered opinion of King George Americans were all "knaves" and must pursue their knavishness with his blessings as a good loser. England's emule, the ramshackle Dr. Johnson, had written off the Americans as a species which "multiplied with the fecundity of their own rattlesnakes," was drunk with "delirious dreams," and prognosticated "aberrations of folly." Horace Walpole wrote that the oracle "laughed that I may not weep" and wrote to a friend that "We do not yet know the extent of our loss. You would think it very slight if you saw how little impression it makes on a luxurious capital."

The hard-headed politicians of France and Spain saw in the conference only a chance of gain. The parody of a nation installed in some obscure road at Philadelphia seemed certain to provide good pickings when it fell apart.

Three backwoodsmen from the New World, somewhat polished by fortunate contact with the Old, must confront the oblest brains of England or, at all events the oblest that the existing government could provide.

Lord Shelburne, the new prime minister, was engaged at home in beginners' for more important than a family quarrel overseas and "probably knew less about Canada than about any portion of the British Empire." He cared still less, though Canada remained the Empire's only hold in America.

His chief negotiator at Paris, Richard Oswald, was a feeble vacillating person and had no notion of his responsibilities. Apparently he wished only to make the best of a bad job and get it finished as quickly as possible.

Canada, the unresolved riddle of the Revoletion, was not represented. England's interests alone were to be considered by England, and these carelessly, stupidly, almost blindly. For the contemporary statesmen of England the acres of snows and rattlesnakes could never be more than a minor interest on the fringes of the broken Empire.

The dominant fact at Paris thus was not the sagacity of the three Americans, nor the futility of the English government, equally profound, but the current mood of the English people. The motherland had suffered from a kind of matricide beyond its experience. Therefore, the American experiment must be assigned an bankruptcy with no more trouble.

Not only pride but sound business calculation demanded a quick and generous settlement. England had founded colonies as sources of raw materials and above all, as markets. They were a business proposition to be reckoned only on a ledger. For the first light of a new economic philosophy had dawned in The Wealth of Nations written by a revolutionary economist named Adam Smith.

Smith had advised the prime minister to abandon political connection with America altogether and to build it up by the magic of free trade as a larger market for English goods than ever. So far as the new American nation was concerned, however, Smith had never looked a disagreeable and essential point.

The rebellious Thirteen Colonies would disregard his discoveries. They would soon install the unrestricted tariff free market within their own boundaries. They would not extend it to English goods or Canadian. England could find other markets. For Canada (if Canada was left at the end of the peace conference) the plans brought to Paris by Franklin, Jay and Adams seemed to spell nothing but economic ruin and probably political extinction.

Oswald's assignment was to cut losses and liquidate a disastrous investment on practically any terms. Canada entered the conference so far as it entered at all: flamstrung from the beginning.

England's Follies at Paris

The Americans, unlike the English, were not tired, frustrated or disillusioned. They were not dealing with some distant colony but with their homeland. They were not at the end but at the beginning of things. They knew exactly what they wanted.

In a contest of this sort the English defeated and disgusted the Americans clutching the world's oyster in their hands—poor Shelburne and Oswald, those fatuous servants of a fatuous King, were no match for the Philadelphia printer, the New York aristocrat and the impetuous lawyer from Boston.

Before England's follies at Paris are too quickly condemned as they would always be condemned by hindsight in Canada consider the known facts of the day. Consider even the little known map and the unreliable census. They showed something like three million English colonists hived between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic, much less than a hundred thousand Canadians, nearly all French by blood, clinging to the St. Lawrence. Beyond those sparsely-settled regions nothing but empty wilderness. The calculations of businessmen and economists like Smith showed that wilderness to be worth little. It produced nothing but furs and interminable, bloody border wars.

True, English forts held the whole interior, which the Revolution had never been able to capture. The Philadelphia confederacy, though pleased to call itself a nation, was too weak to resist British power in the West. England also possessed unchallengeable control of the world's oceans.

(And at that precise moment, by an odd coincidence, its greatest seaman, Horatio Nelson, aged twenty-four, was roving ashore secretly at Quebec to marry a Miss Simpson, desert the Navy and settle down in Canada from which personal and national catastrophe he was dissuaded in the nick of time and hustled back to his ship.)

Thus England's bargaining position at Paris was strong by history, geography and power. But the interior, including Canada, was hardly worth arguing about. The Americans seemed to prize it for some odd reason so let them have it, with England's best wishes. Then, perhaps, they would become England's friends again.

For all these queer reasons England's case at Paris—which really meant Canada's—was dissipated in advance to the secret amazement of Franklin, Jay and Adams. They went to the conference prepared for a hard fight and a tough bargain. They found a government ready to give most of a continent away for nothing. The only important problem it appeared was to draw the boundaries. Since these decisions must forever affect all future occupants of North America—the Americans, the Canadians, the Spanish, the Indians, and unknown Eskimos and immigrant races without number—they are worth following rather closely.

Franklin, the unequalled horse trader, naturally began the bargain by demanding far more than he expected. Blandly he suggested that England hand over Canada entire to the United States as proof of good intentions. Oswald thought well of the idea and recommended it to Shelburne who was inclined at first to accept it.

Still, England could hardly desert the loyal English colony of Nova Scotia and especially the great naval base at Halifax. On sound economics it must retain the fisheries of the Atlantic coast. Anyway, it soon became clear that no one, not even the Americans really wanted England out of America altogether.

France wanted the United States limited in boundary and power. So did Spain. The Americans might ask for Canada but if it must remain outside their control, as they expected, certainly it was better to have England beside them than to risk a reviving France astride the St. Lawrence.

Franklin's offer was refused for such reasons as these, though none of them was ever stated. The decision to retain a toe hold in America being reached, almost in a fit of absent-mindedness, the first boundaries of the new Empire began to appear.

They appeared first in the jungles of the Atlantic coast. In sound horse trading, the Americans ignored the facts and demanded a boundary far to the north on the St. John River. That was too crude even for Oswald and Shelburne.

The Americans then suggested a generous compromise doubtless planned beforehand. Let the line run by the St. Croix River on the boundary of Nova Scotia. This generosity was immediately accepted by England and the Americans found it difficult to hide their satisfaction.

Of course no one in Paris knew where the St. Croix lay exactly and no one in England particularly cared. Beyond the entrapped river the line would strike due north almost to the St. Lawrence then turn south on the horseshoe of the watershed dividing the tributaries of the St. Lawrence from the streams falling into the Atlantic—again a line unknown to the map. The western half of the horseshoe at its southern end would strike the forty-fifth parallel on the St. Lawrence, about halfway between Montreal and Lake Ontario.

Who Would Get the West?

England ignored or was uninterested in the fact that it had cut its Atlantic regions off from their natural connections with central Canada. If there was to be a Canadian nation its whole geography and second economic pattern had been grossly warped. England could not foresee that those small concerns would continue to agitate the Canadians and cost them dear for a long time to come.

Westward from the intersection of the forty-fifth parallel and the St. Lawrence where should the boundary be? Any answer given to that question in Paris must largely fix the future anatomy of the continent. The decision here involved perhaps the greatest stake in the world—the West, for which French Canada had vainly struggled this century and a half, from which the Revolution had first emerged and in which lay treasures of land, mineral and forest beyond reckoning.

There was no ostensible reason in practical politics why England should abandon the West the Ohio country and all the territory between the Alleghenies and the Mississippi. The Revoletion, with its series of lands and marches had been unable to shake England's hold here. However, seeing the English negotiators so anxious for the United States' good will at any price, the Americans proposed that

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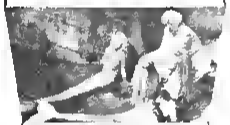
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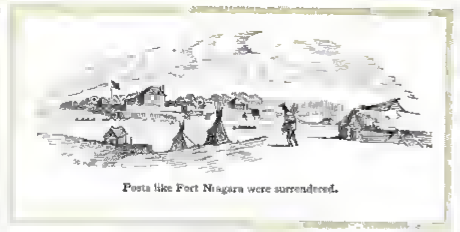
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Posts like Fort Niagara were surrendered.

England retire from the West altogether.

Their first horse-trading gambit was the old western boundary of Quebec stretching from a point near the present city of Cornwall and paralleling the Ottawa northwestward to the south end of Lake Nipissing.

That line, if it halted the movement of furs out of the West must destroy the historic business of Canada and in any case must leave the colony as a small island of French race in the eastern St. Lawrence valley. Even the imperial American delegates must have been sorely dumbfounded when the British district decided in August to accept this bargain and virtually write off any prospect of permanent British power in Canada.

Just as the United States had most of the spoils in its grasp a delay occurred at Paris and saved the chance of a Canadian nation. Between August and October the British garrison at Gibraltar, under Spanish siege since 1779 proved it could survive Spain's supreme effort. England's power at the Mediterranean gate had been saved. The Empire was not crumbling entirely to pieces after all. If Gibraltar was worth holding, so perhaps was Canada. A reviving England not only rejected the Nipissing line but intended to retain the whole interior down to the Ohio.

This was staggering news for the American colonies. England's possession of the Ohio country would be disastrous to the ambitions of the United States. The Americans proposed a new compromise, it lacked generous after their original demands.

England could have the north if it would abandon the Ohio claim and support the United States in holding the Mississippi line against the old French colony of Louisiana now in Spanish hands. Where would the boundary then run between Canada and the United States west of the forty fifth parallel at its junction with the St. Lawrence? The Americans were ready with two alternatives, both far more ambitious than American resources could then enforce.

Britain could have either a straight boundary on the forty fifth parallel to the headwaters of the Mississippi or a wriggling line along the course of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes westward to the northwest corner of the Lake of the Woods, and thence directly west to the Mississippi.

The second line was geographically impossible, since the Mississippi headwaters lay south not west of the Lake of the Woods, but no one knew that.

Moreover, there was a vast difference between the two alternative lines in territory, natural wealth and routes of transportation a difference that must drastically affect the future of Canada, if it had any.

The line of the forty fifth parallel would give the United States the rich Niagara peninsula where Canadian settlement would soon be concentrated, all of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, half of Lake Huron; but it would give Canada the main artery of travel to the prairies the northern third of Lake Michigan, all Lake Superior much of the farm land of Wisconsin and Minnesota and the priceless unknown Minnesota iron field. If the line were ever extended beyond the Mississippi it would give Canada also North Dakota, Montana and Washington.

Britain either was unaware of the difference between the two lines or thought it unimportant. What were a few miles north or south between enemies now becoming friends?

Anyway to the ignorant but practical mind of Landes the more northern boundary of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes looked natural on the map. England accepted it without further argument and surrendered all the country to the south.



The voyageurs lost the fur trail west.

A stroke of the pen gave away the work of Talon, Jolliet, Marquette, La Salle and all the old explorers, the fur route and the interior valley for which innumerable battles had been fought in the wilderness and innumerable men had died. Huge areas, in modern Wisconsin and Minnesota, though no American had ever seen them, were included in the surrender. To make matters worse for Canada the line across Lake Superior was pushed north of Isle Royale close to the north shore, and Canadians were almost barred from the lake's western end. As the cynical French statesman remarked: "England does not make peace, she buys it."

The fur traders of Canada both English and French Canadian were the first to realize the extent of that surrender. Their trail to the West had been cut. The canoe passage threatened by the first French *voyageurs*, the portages tramped down by Canadian manhandling for a century, the defending posts of Niagara, Detroit, Michinac and the others, the control of the Indian fur harvesters all were handed over to American settlement for the political convenience of England. This was the ultimate betrayal of Canada and it was much larger than the fur traders supposed. Loss of furs would prove to be the least part of the total Canadian loss.

English and American negotiators had an easy and false answer to the fur trade and its Indian friends. After all they said the political line a mere scribble on the map meant little. The important thing for the Canadians was the opportunity to trade with the interior and thus would be protected. England had the assurance of the Americans that Canadian traders would be admitted freely south of the new boundary. It was only as such an understanding that England had consented to the bargain.

If the London government believed that it would believe anything. Obviously nothing could stop the American businessmen, once they were strong enough from making the boundary not an imaginary line but a firm wall against Canadian commerce in fur and everything else. The Americans were building a nation and would build it as they pleased.



Indian hunters crossed the border freely after game.

Were the Canadians Sold Out?

England failed even to write the proposed system of free trade into a treaty—but not entirely out of neglect or stupidity as the Canadians might imagine. There were businessmen in London also, as hard headed as those in Philadelphia. They had been told by the Americans quite reasonably that if there was to be freedom of trade in the western wilderness there must be the same kind of freedom elsewhere. English business would not surrender its Navigation Acts and other forms of protection to satisfy a few Canadian fur traders.

The whole problem of trade, therefore was postponed for later negotiations the Canadians fobbed off with the promise of a satisfactory commercial treaty at some time in the future. No such treaty would be negotiated for three quarters of a century and then it would last only ten years. The political boundary drawn in Paris inevitably must bisect not only the territory but the business of North America in pursuit of commercial, political, human and emotional objectives in denial of all geographic and economic law, in defiance of nature itself.

But a still higher law was operating here as in all nations—subtle, intangible, illogical and irresistible. Two different peoples were going their separate ways because they prized their myths more than their treasure.

No one at Paris could yet estimate the full dimensions of myth or treasure.

The Americans certainly had established their myth already. It was written in the Declaration and in the hearts of the people and because men are always governed in essentials not by fact but by feeling, the myth was more valuable to them and more potent than any map, political system or economic theory.

The Canadians had a myth also, a French-Canadian myth, but as far inarticulate and only half the myth necessary to nourish a nation. The Americans, without ever suspecting it were about to supply the other elementary half, already moving into Canada with the United Empire Loyalists from the new American nation while the Paris conference scrawled its cerious line across the map.

It was far too early yet to gauge intangibles far more decisive than the apparent facts. The new map seemed to show only that loyal Canada was imprisoned within a northland barren poor and almost worthless beside the rich heritage of the Revolution Canada had been sold out, not for the first or last time. Or so it thought.

In their anger the handful of existing Canadians—or those of them interested in the West—overlooked two facts.

The first was the undiscovered fact that north of the new line in all this mess of pre-Cambrian rock and stunted trees, lay some of the world's most precious minerals, the sparse prairies, new feeding buffalo and Indian, could grow hard wheat the foothills of the Rockies covered a lake of oil and farther west, where no boundary was yet considered, the dark amour of a giant forest ran down to the sea rocks.

The second fact was that a line fixed by power politics, by horse trading and ignorance, by guess and by God, probably was the only line that would stay put in America. It gave the Canadians far less than they deserved but it also gave the Americans enough to satisfy their appetite. If Britain had pushed the line south to the Ohio or even to the forty fifth parallel, a powerful United States, in due time would have rolled it back to acquire what the expanding nation needed for its purposes and might have kept rolling to the north pole.

The southern Canadian boundary-le plain truth, could be held anyway and perhaps only because the Americans had temporarily lost their appetite for Canada. They seemed to have all the land they knew what to do with on the north. They would somehow secure Louisiana on the west when they got around to it, would cross the Mississippi and reach the Pacific.

In the meantime, winding up their Revolution they were secure south of the natural line of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. West of the Lakes, so long as Spain held a Louisiana of indeterminate shape, no boundary between English and American power was needed. Out there the buffalo, the Indians and the fur traders could continue to cross the forty ninth parallel without interruption. But not for long. ★

NEXT ISSUE: PART THREE

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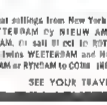




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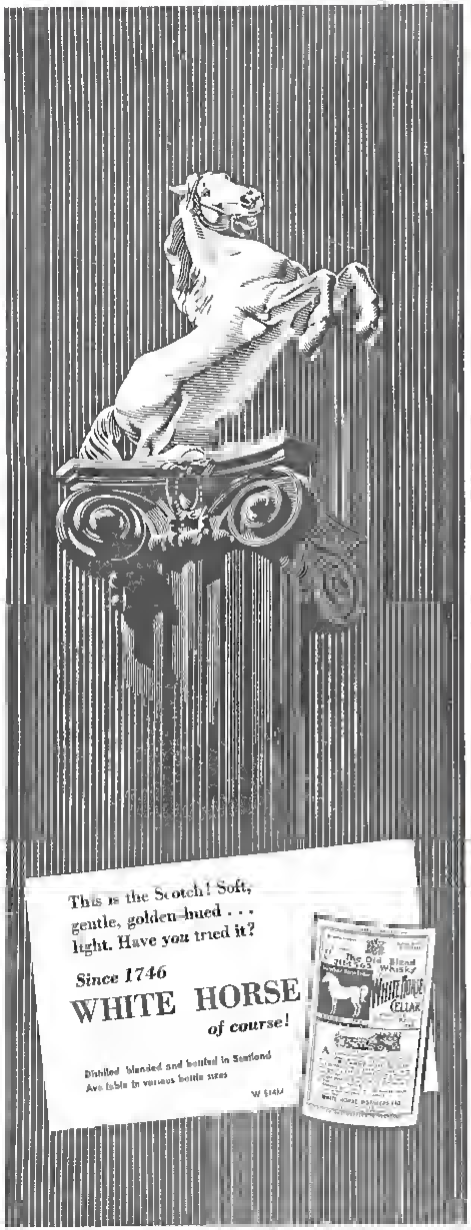
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PARADE

THE sixteen year-old daughter of a University of Toronto professor was expecting a new and important date to call for her that evening. At supper her father and mother were interestedly discussing the formal campus function they were to attend the same evening and didn't notice that she was lost in troubled thought until finally she broke in on them with a rush.

"Dad—I've got it. If you get dressed early tonight you could answer the door when Bob comes and maybe he'd be so impressed with your white tie and tails he wouldn't notice we don't have television."

• • •

A farmer near Willow Bunch, Sask., received a request from the Regina income tax office for further information regarding his 1953 return so he decided to visit the office on his next trip to town and straighten it out in person. He didn't get out of the place until he'd made out a cheque for twenty-nine dollars, but at least he had his tax worries settled until April 30. Or so he thought until a few days later he received a registered letter from the same office. Inside was his cheque, and would he please add the words "plus exchange"? He did so without a murmur, but shaking his head at the mental calculation that the fifteen cents thus recovered by the government was somewhat offset by the twenty-four cents spent to mail the cheque back to him registered.

• • •

A Parade scout who works for the Defense Research Board and is trained to make accurate observations tells us that on the road between Otter Lake and Kazabazua P.Q., there is an official-looking sign which says, Slow—Deer. And a few hundred yards on there is an unofficial looking sign which says Quick—Bears.



• • •

A used car dealer can get into some tight spots, like the Montreal junk peddler who sold a woman a small English car for a bargain $195. Two days later when he looked up from his desk to see the same customer marching determinedly into his tiny office, the look in her eye was enough to make him cringe back into the corner. "Did you know," she demanded, "when you sold me this car that the lighter was out of order?"

The fellow hasn't been the same since and that was weeks ago.

• • •

Getting the green light at Elgin and Waverly on Ottawa pedestrian stepped off the curb, then jumped back just in time as a baker's truck cut sharply in front of her. "I'll get you next time, joy walker!" jeered the driver, and the woman stood there for furious to speak. But as she glared after it the back door of the truck was whipped open by the speed with which it had taken the corner, and out whirled a pie. It landed gently at her feet without a tear in the cellophane, a raisin spilled or the price tag (forty five cents) smudged. She took it home for her family's dessert and enjoyed it more than one of her own.



• • •

Outside the Halifax restaurant stood a new hat badly beaten up car; every inch of it was dented and bruised except for one fender which still gleamed with a sort of miserable defiance of fate. Inside the [illegible] had fallen into conversation with an American visitor. "You wouldn't believe it," he exclaimed. "I've never run into anything in my life, but six separate times this winter my car's been bashed in when I wasn't even in it. And to cap it all the other day a crane dropped a load of steel reinforcing rods on the roof!"

"How can you stand it?" muttered the American in miserable awe. "I've never scraped a bumper in my life and I know how I'd feel!"

The American went his way and the Haligonian sipped soberly at his coffee—until a rending crunch from outside spun him around on his stool. When he got to the curb the American was hanging disbelievingly from the window of his own car which had just wrecked all that was left of the wreck. "I just couldn't take my eyes off that last fender of yours," he moaned, "until it was too late."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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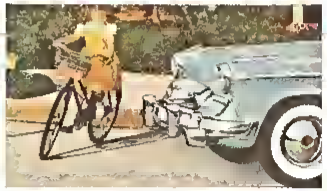


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[illegible] the car of the "Miracle Ride"—a triumph of Studebaker engineering that lets you travel so relaxed, so free from pitch and sway and jounce, you actually feel fresh and rested after a long day's drive.



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You can take along clothing for the whole family in the roomy rear deck of the new 1955 Studebaker sedan. The sports coupe and hardtop models have even more focused-at-trunk space, making them especially popular with salesmen who travel with samples.





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